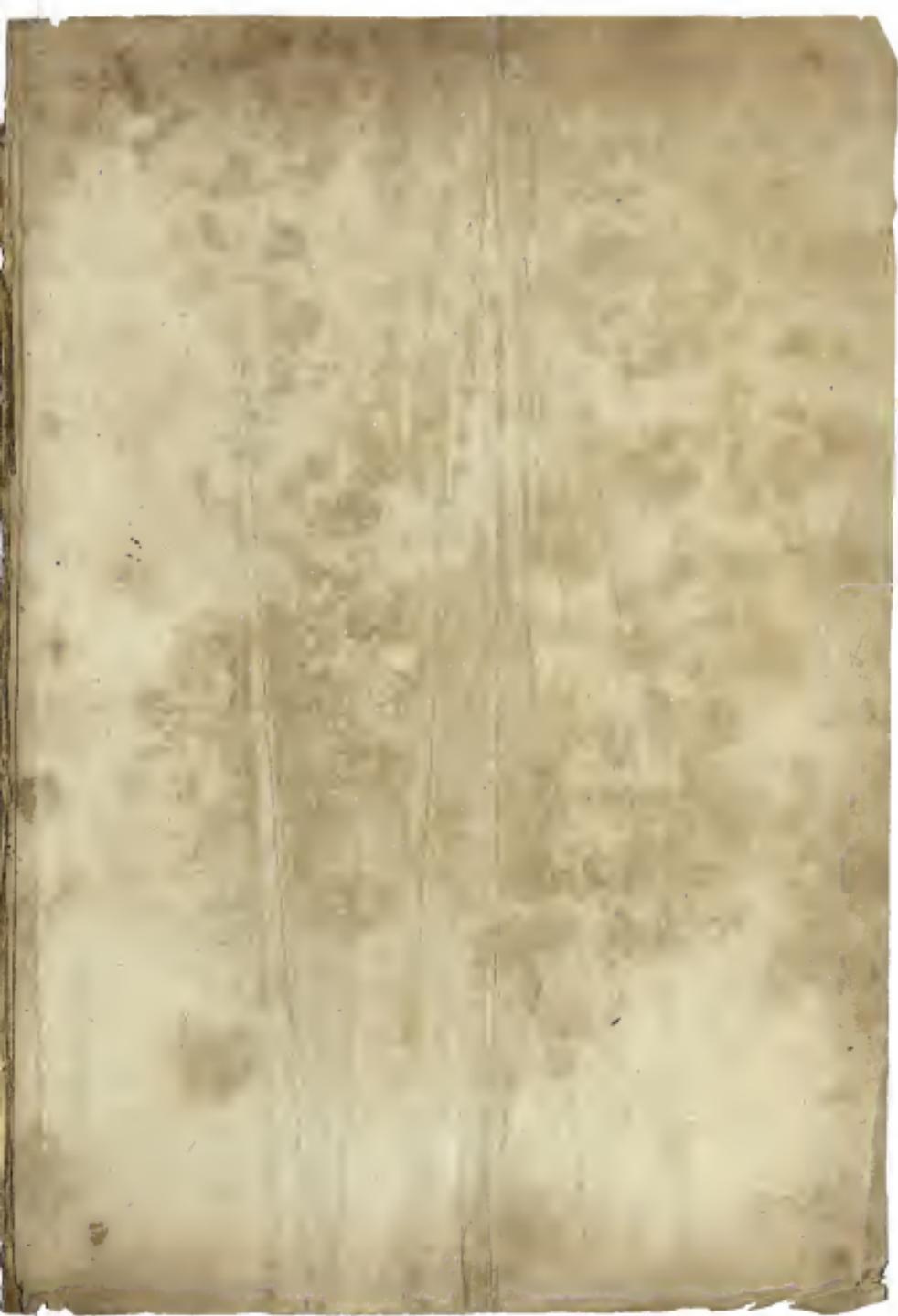
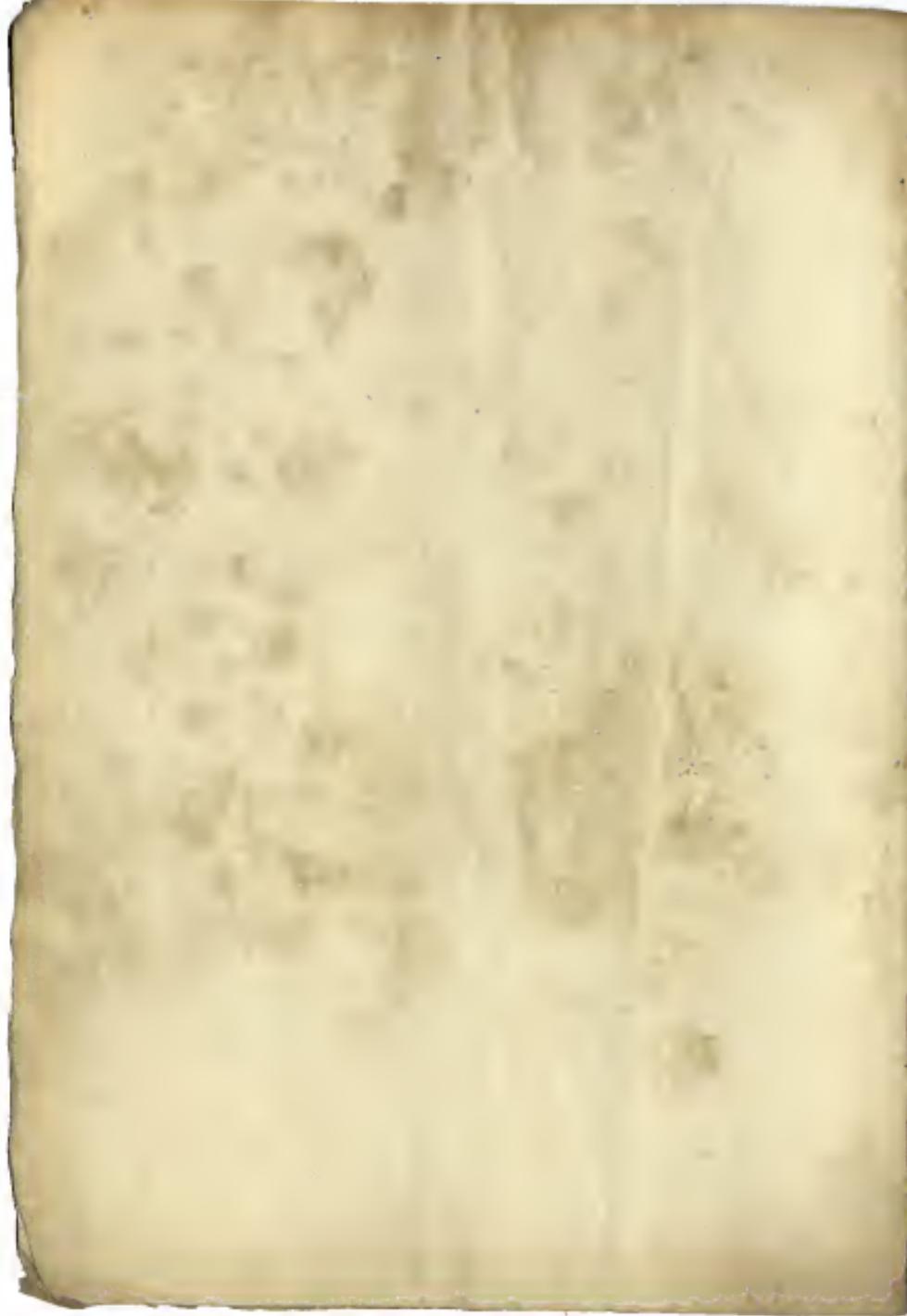


H. de G. Harris
from his affectionate
W^mson
April 5th 1864





A

Curious Collection,

SCOTS TUNES

with Variations for the

VIOLIN,

and a BASS for the

VIOLINCELLO or HARPSICHORD

Price 3⁵ 6^d

EDINBURGH,

Printed & Sold by L.DING, No Parliament Square.

Where may be had a great variety of Music & Instruments at the London Dives.

Up in the Morning Early

by a Lady

Slow

2

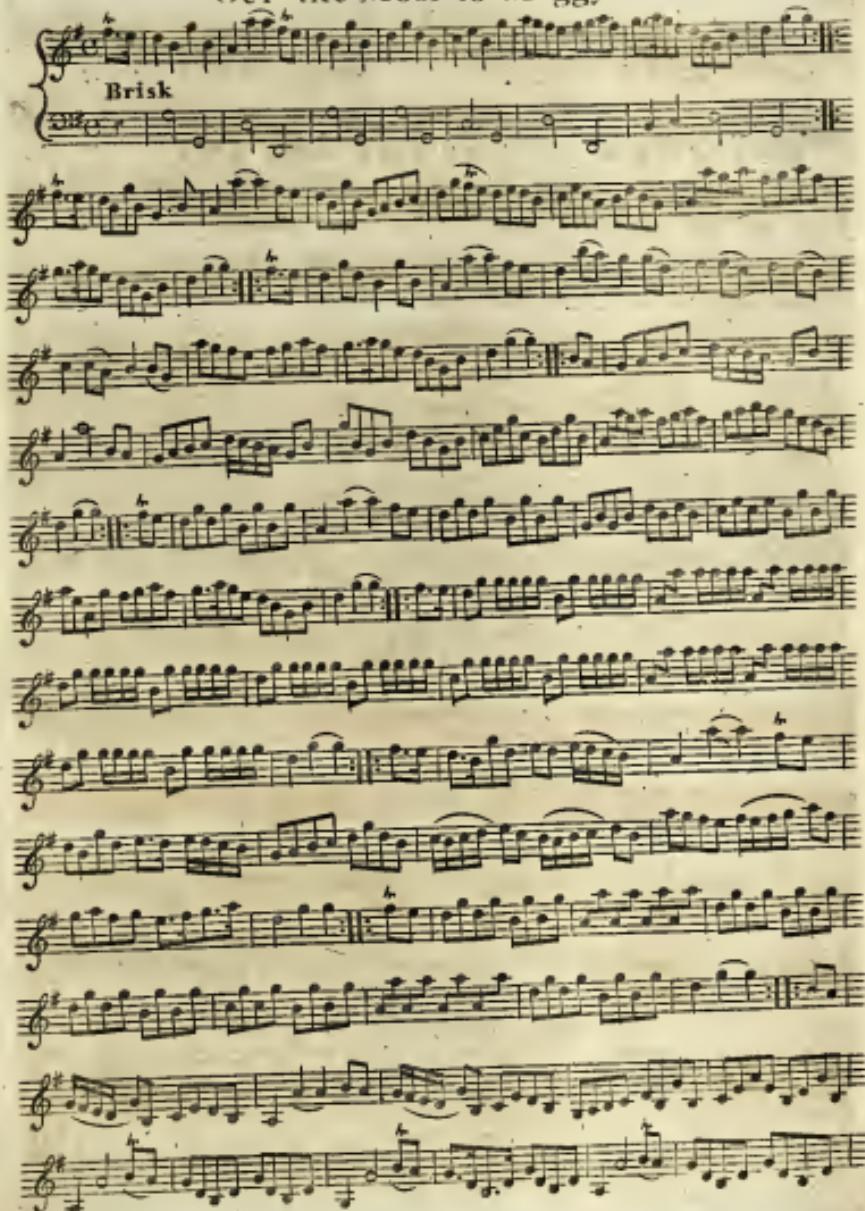
Old Sir Simon the King

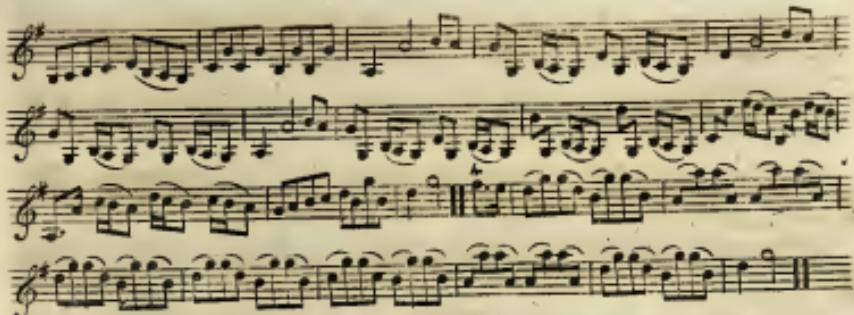
3

Brisk

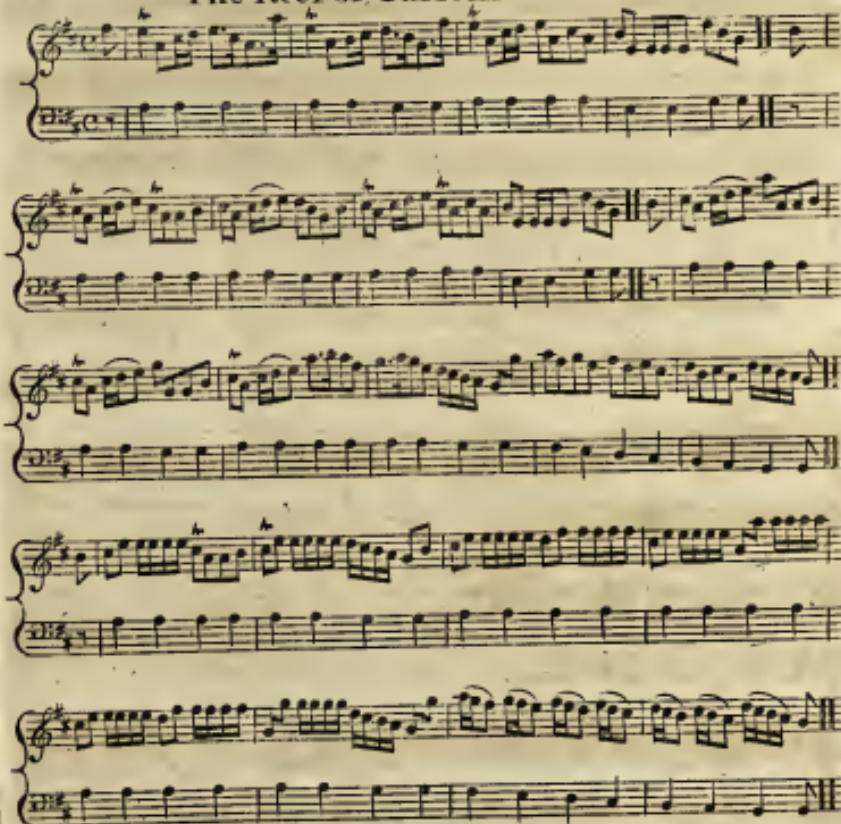
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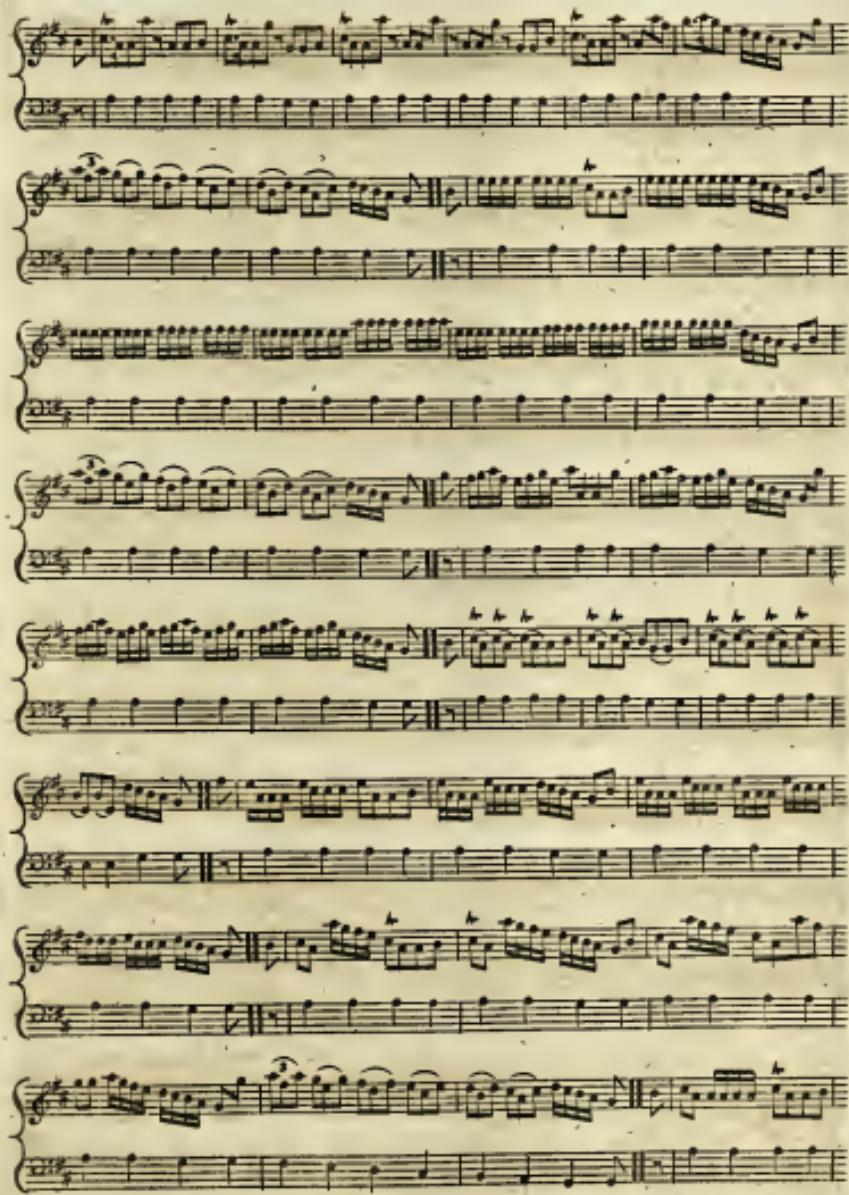
O'er the Moor to Moggye

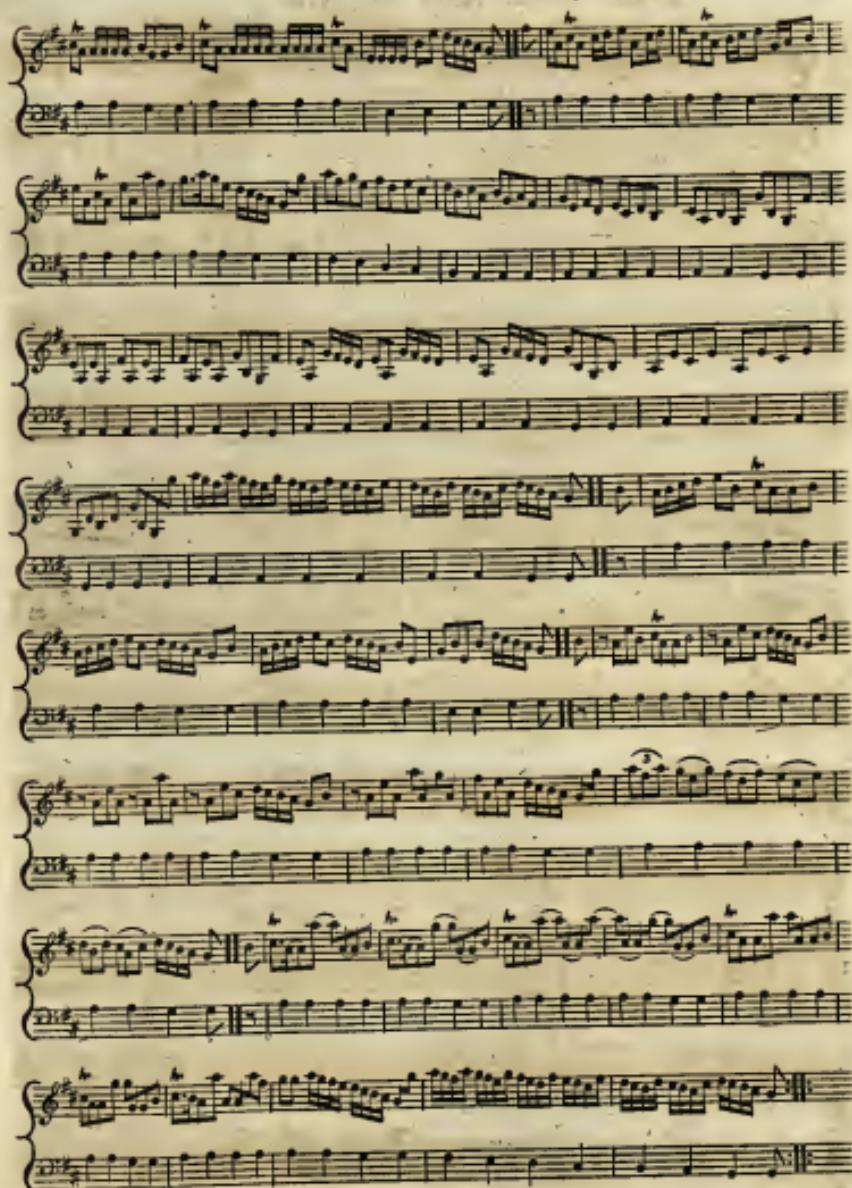




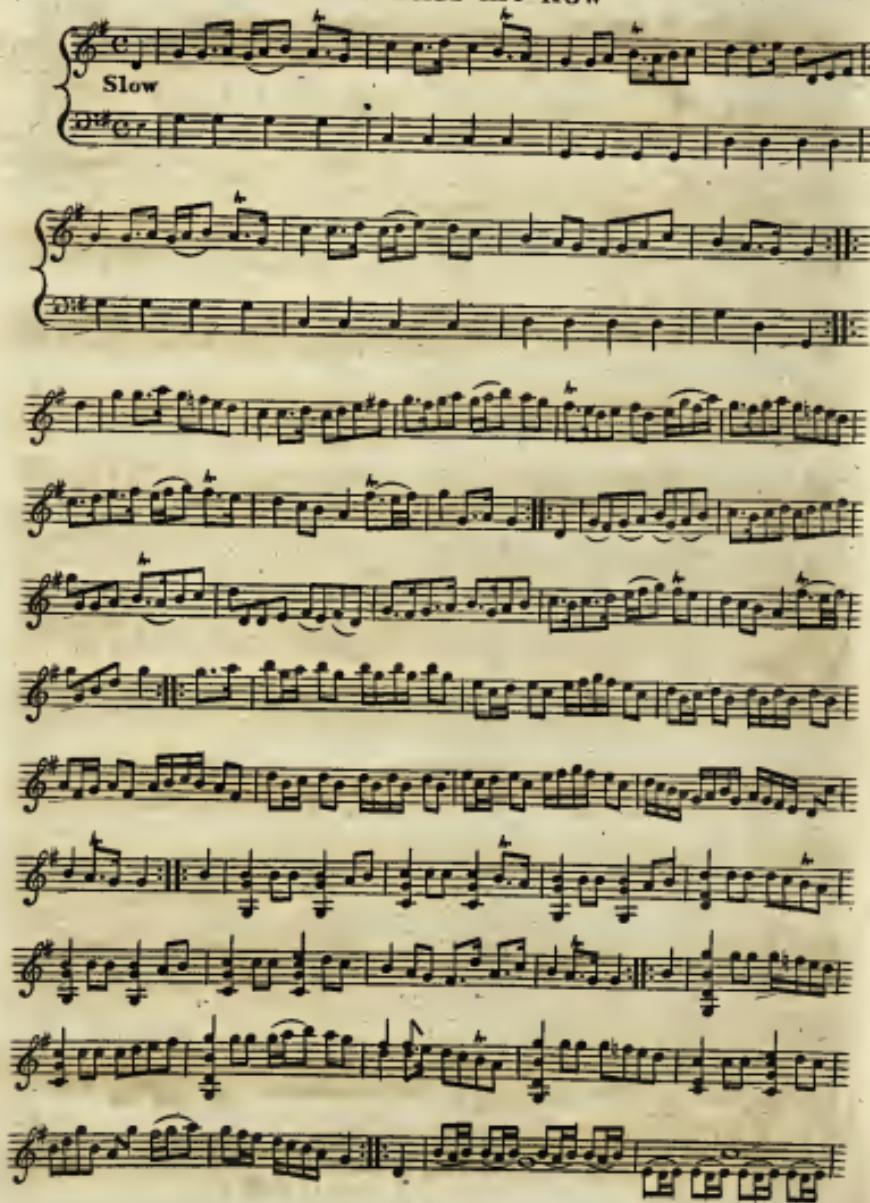
The Reel of Tulloch

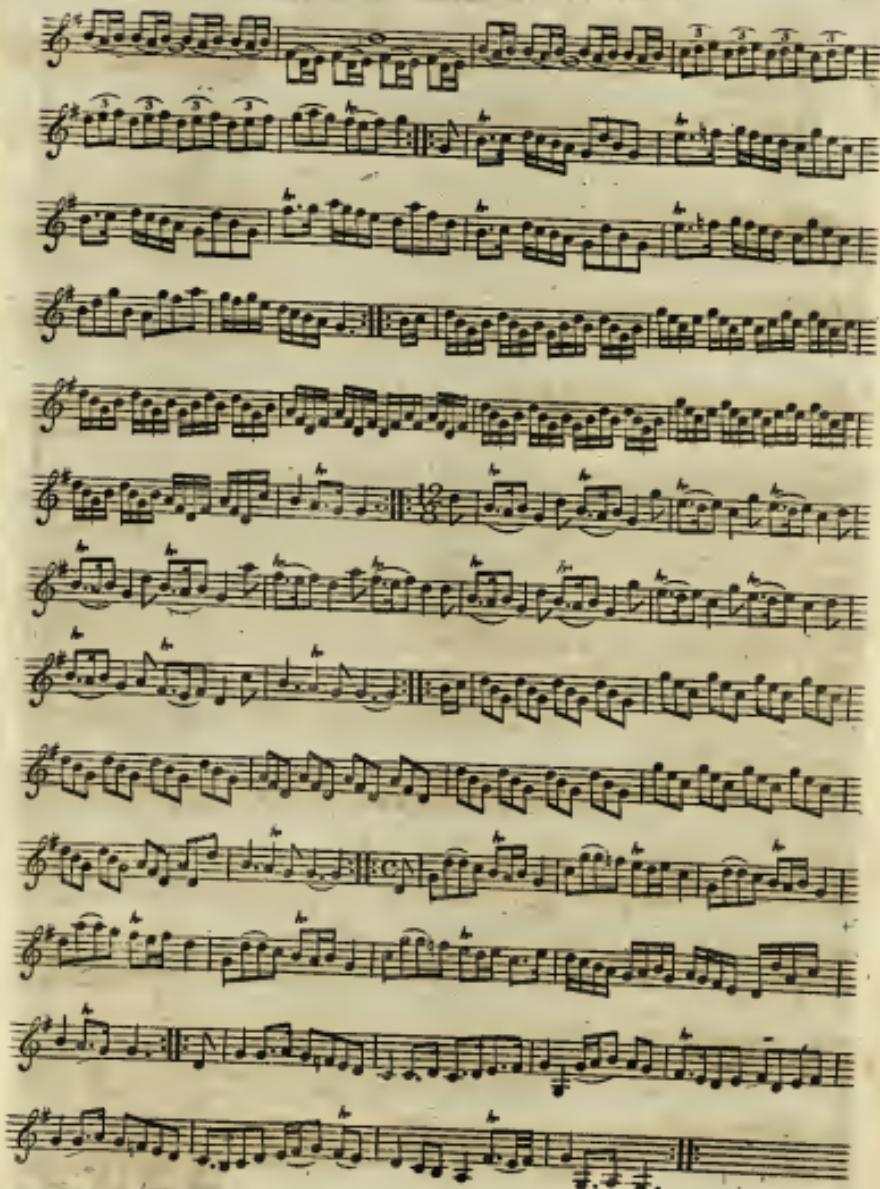






John come kiss me now



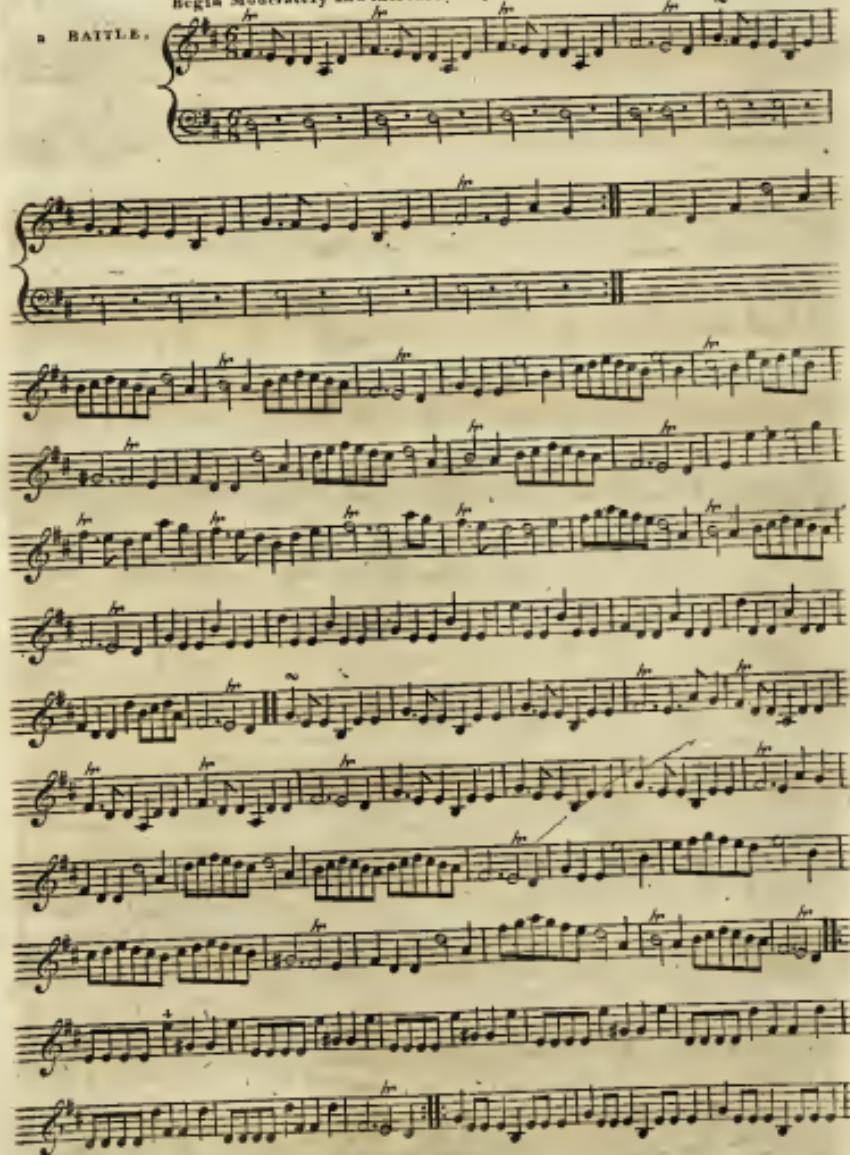


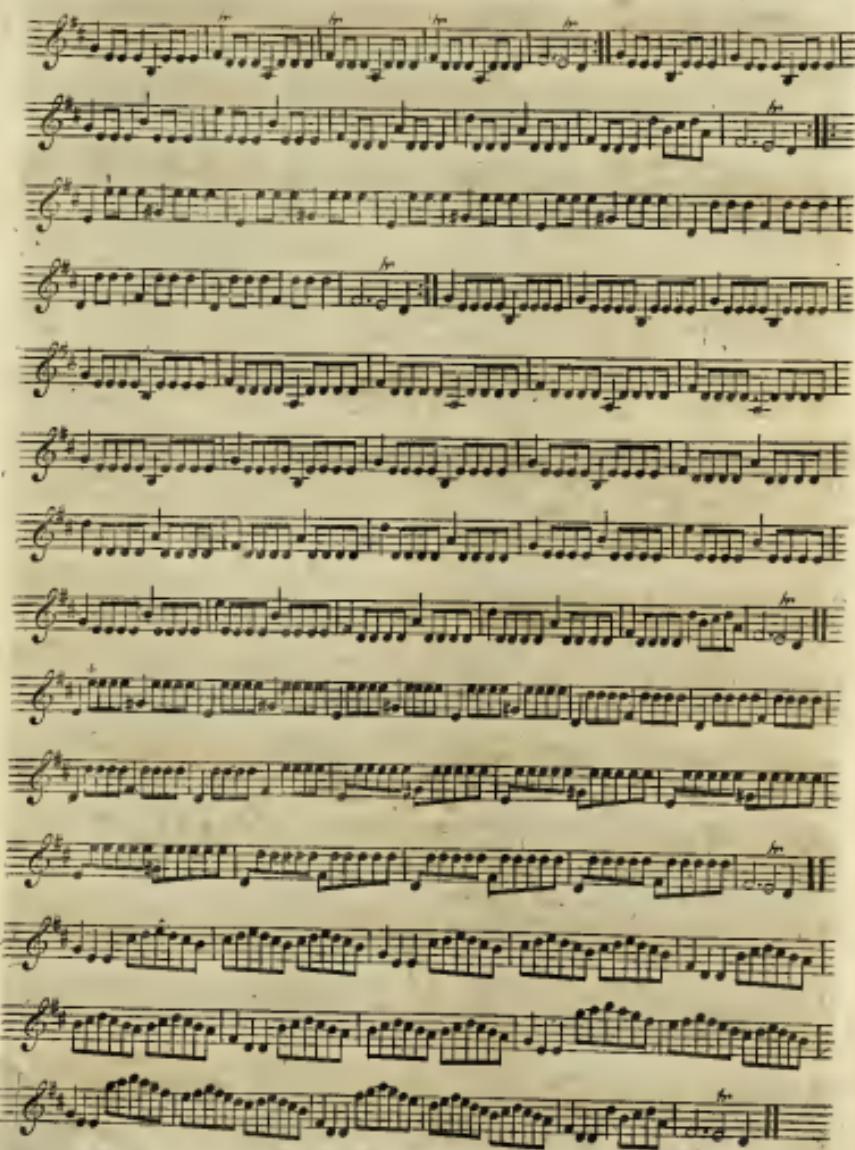
The Horse-man's Port.

10

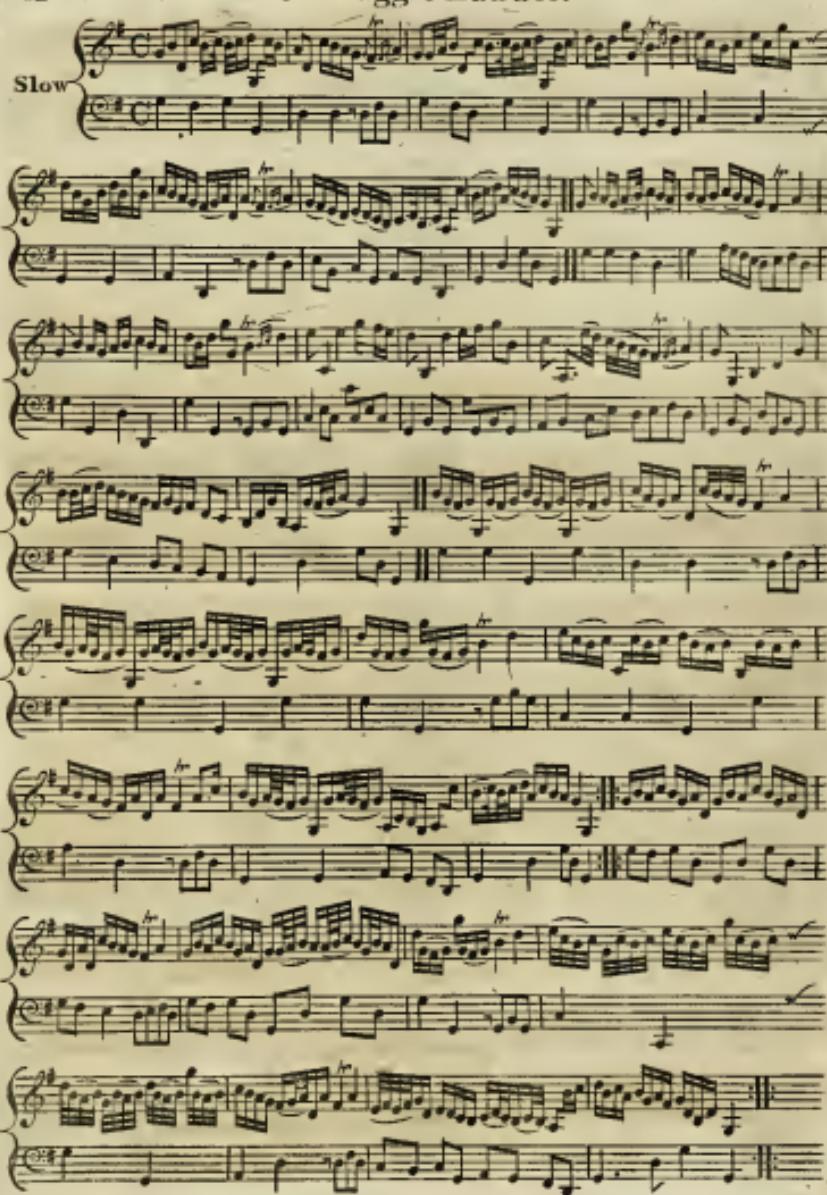
Begin Moderately and increased in quickness to the end, As the Tune represents

a BATTLE,





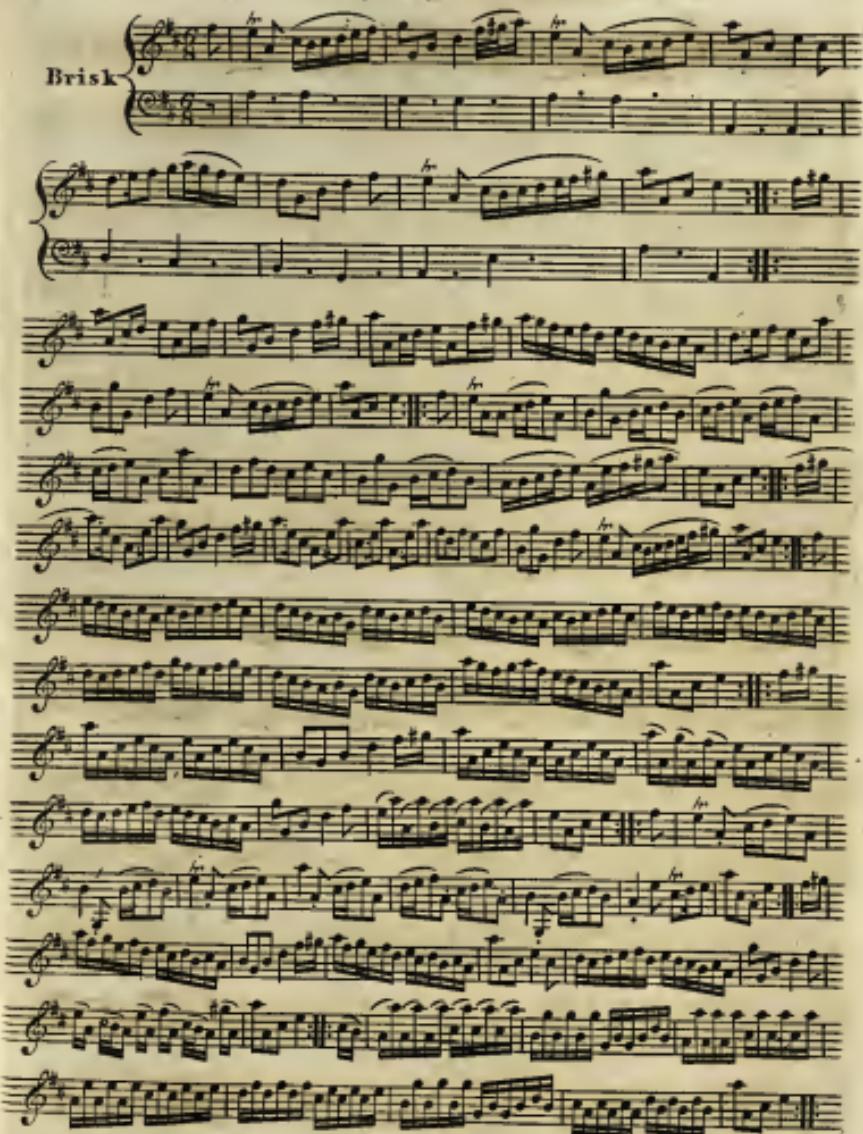
New Maggie Lauder.



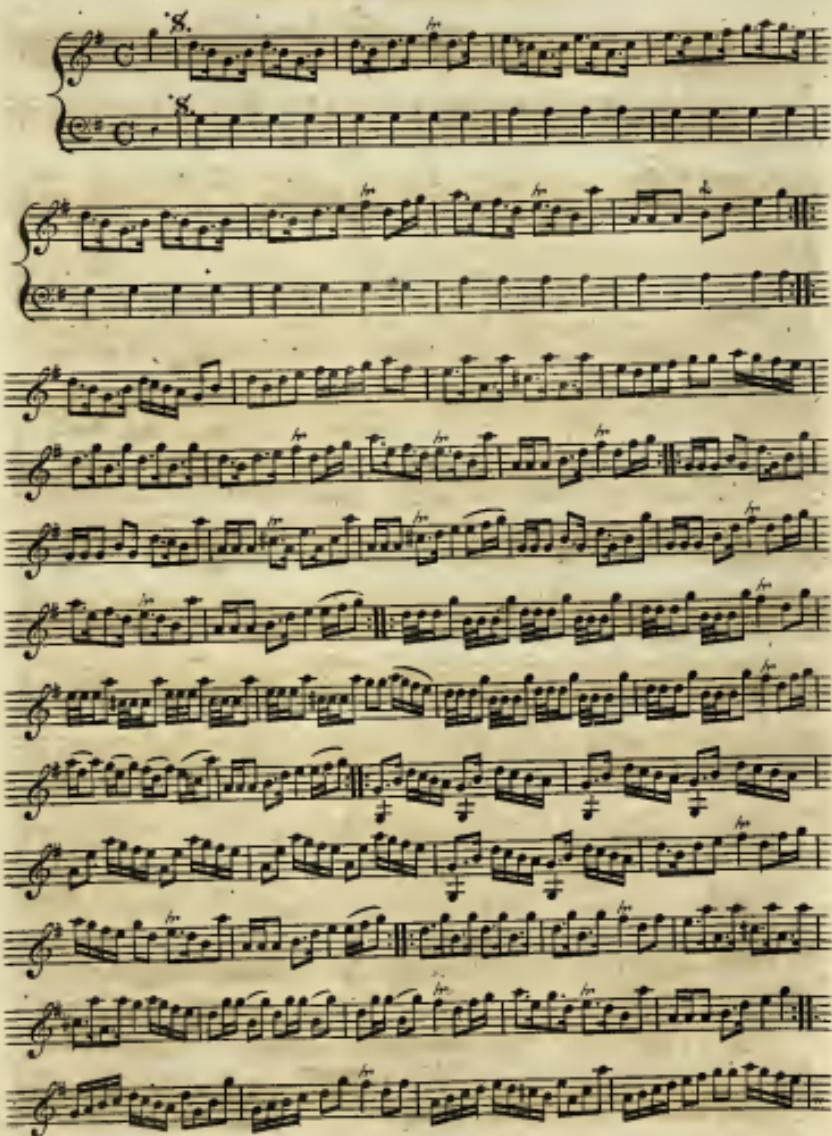
10 Hit her on the Bum

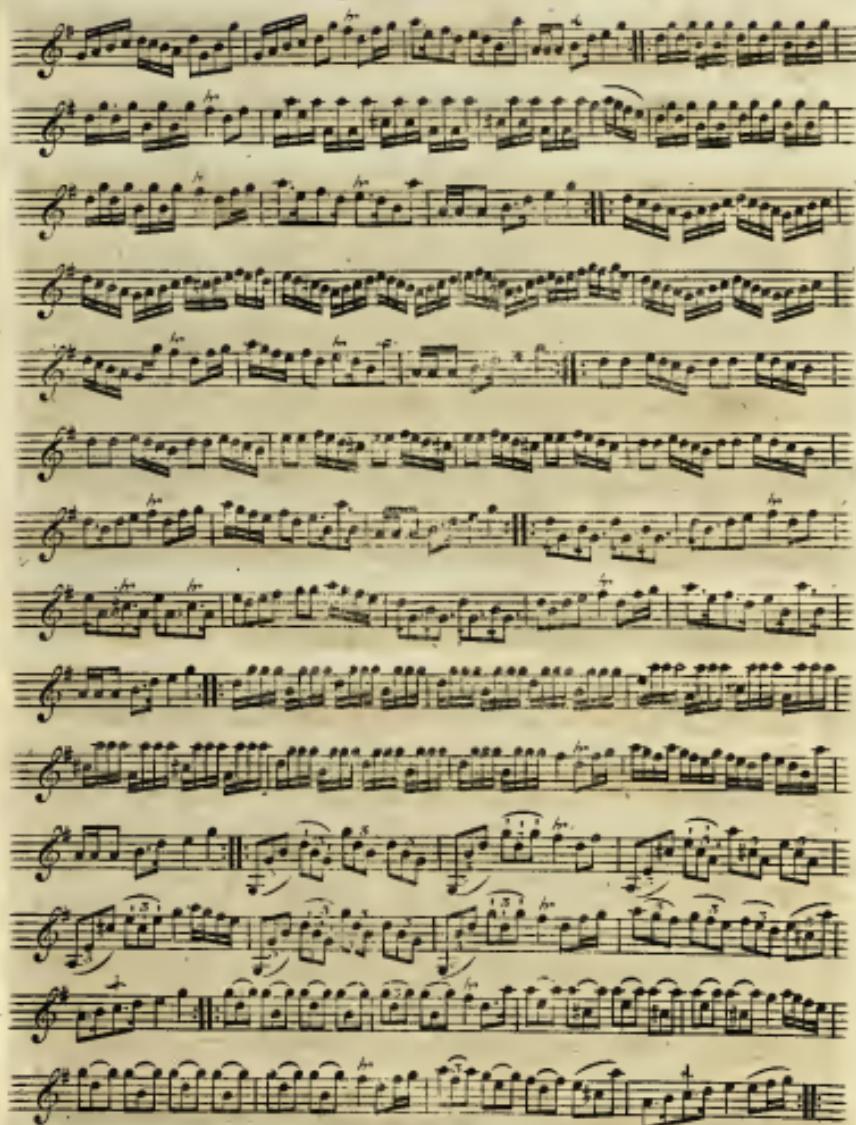
18

Brisk

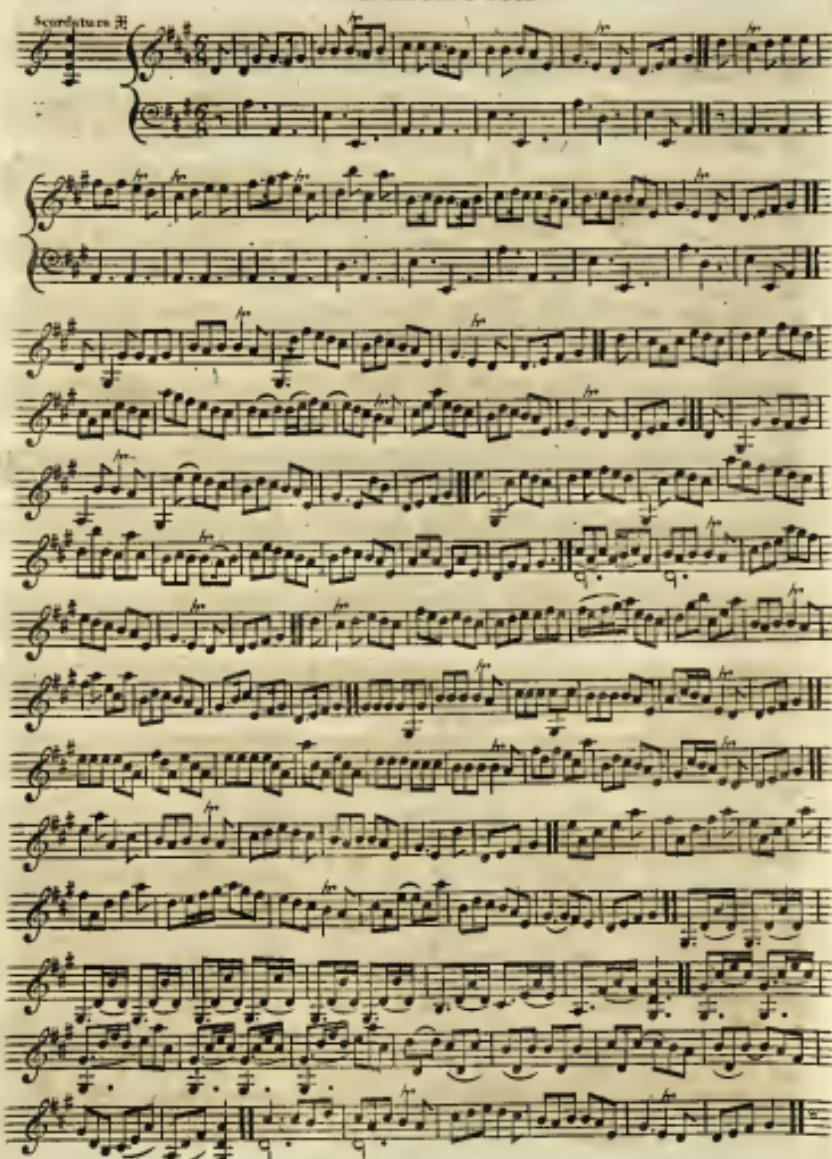


N.B. such Notes as are marked with a dot thus  may be sounded with a finger of the left hand without the
bow.

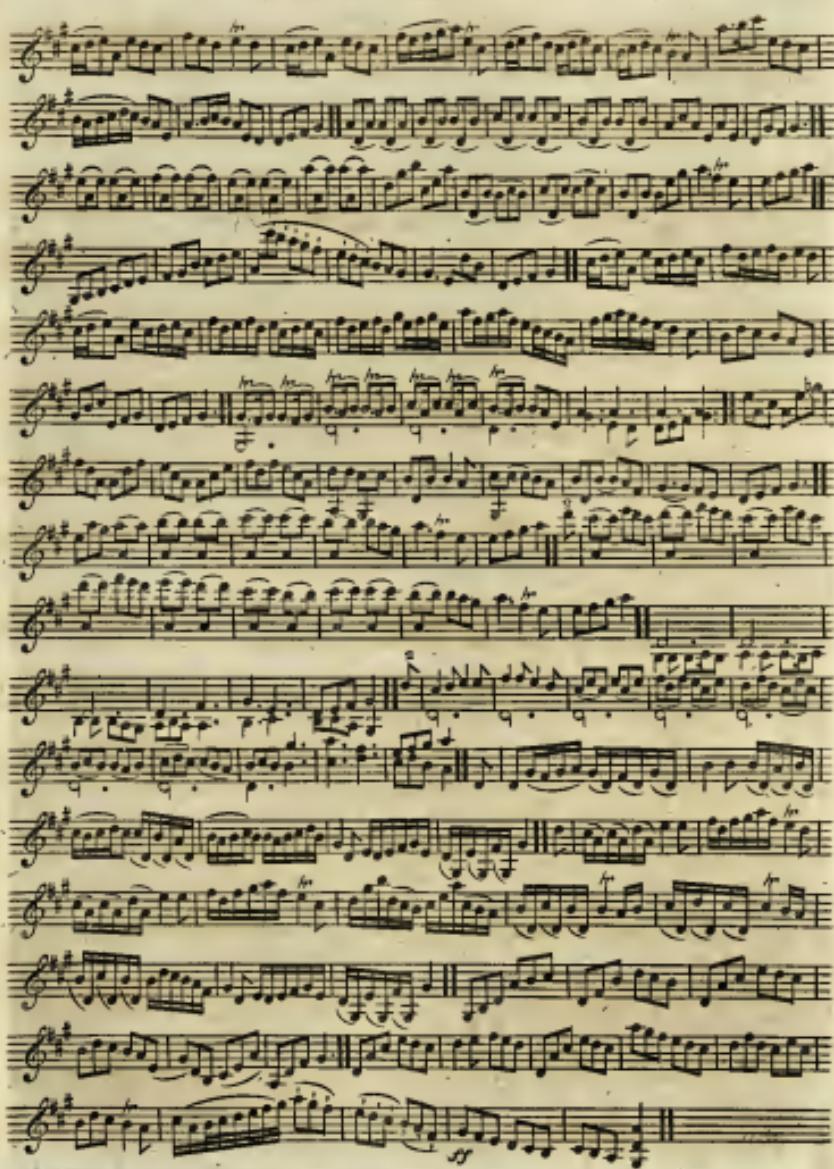




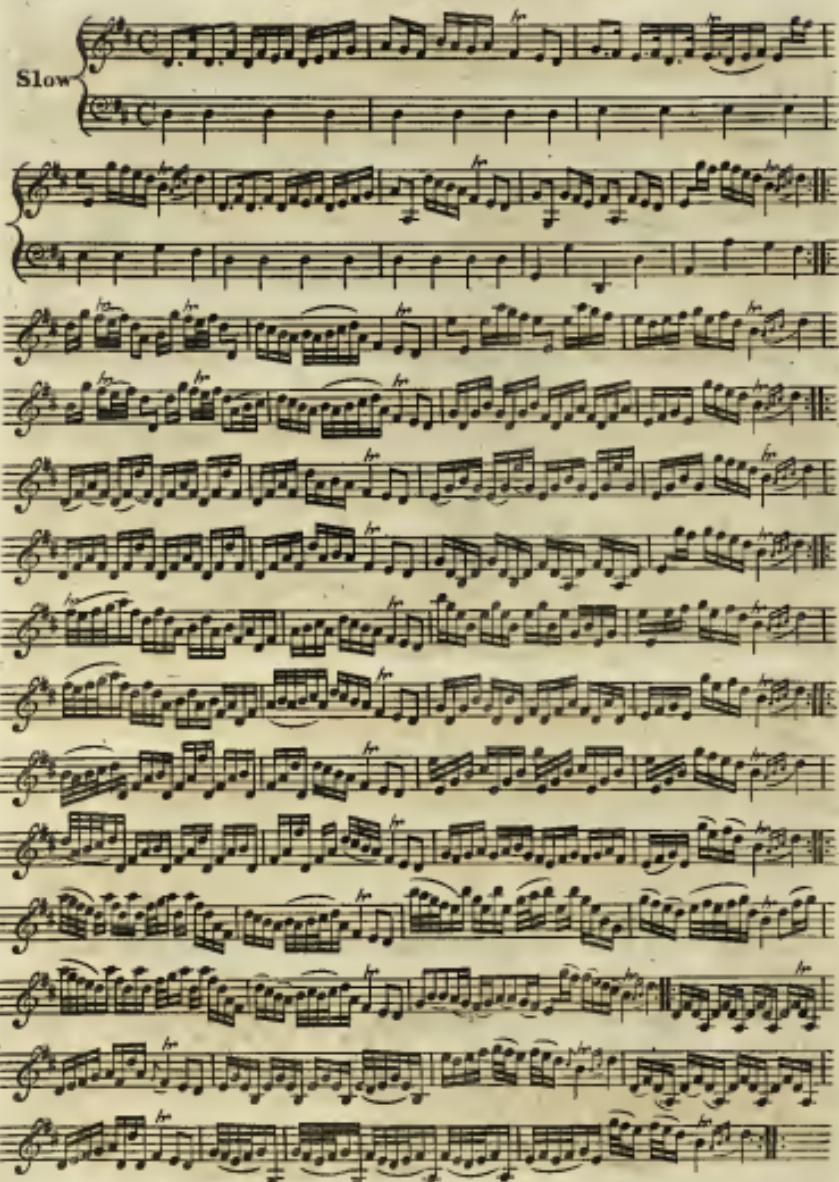
Black Jock



NOTE: the Notes under Scordatura show that the two Buck Strings are tuned a Note higher than usual.



Donald Butcher's Bridal.

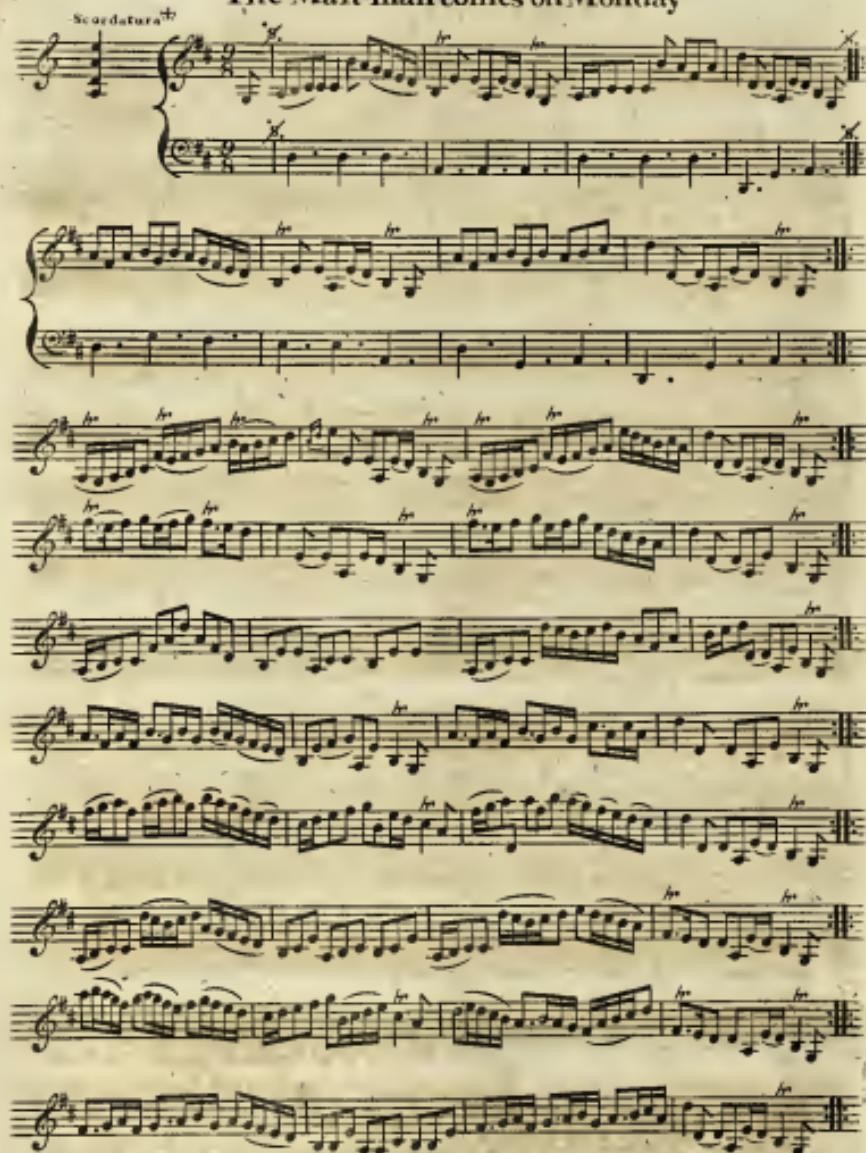


The East Nook of Fife.

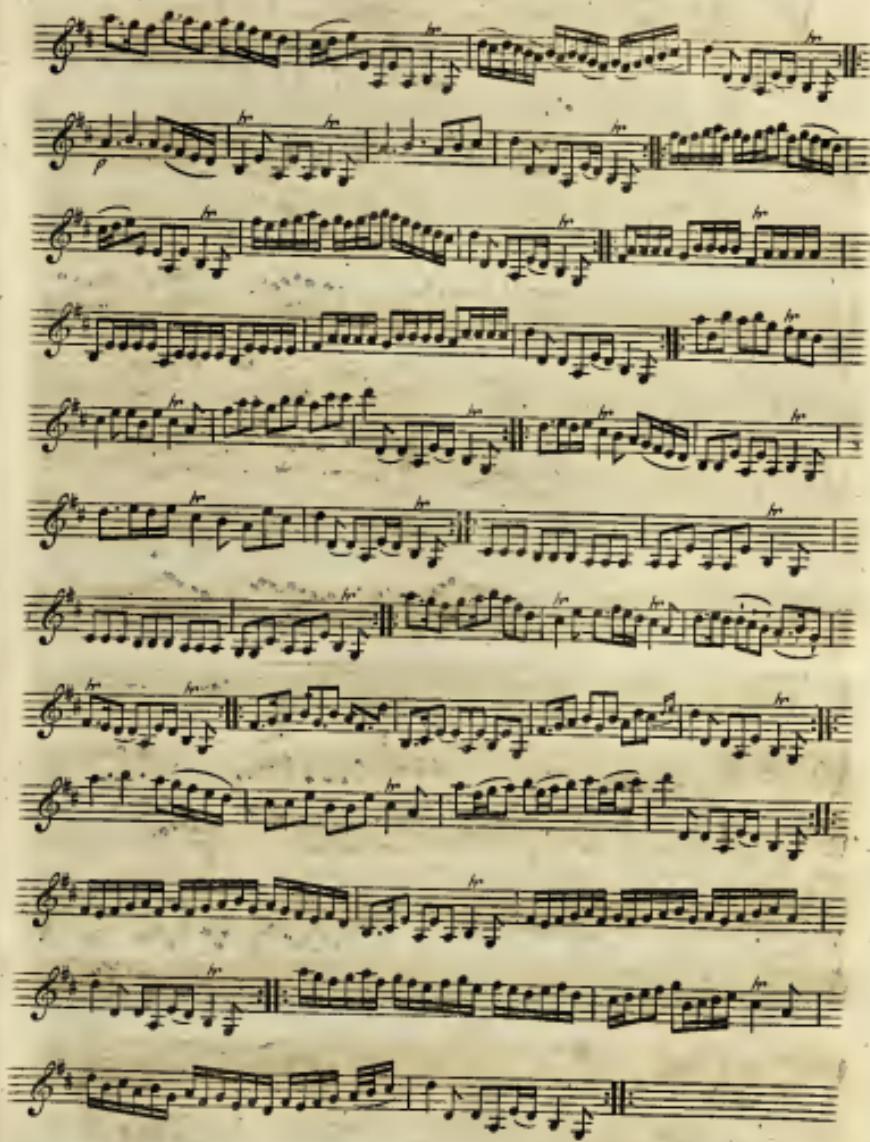
Brisk



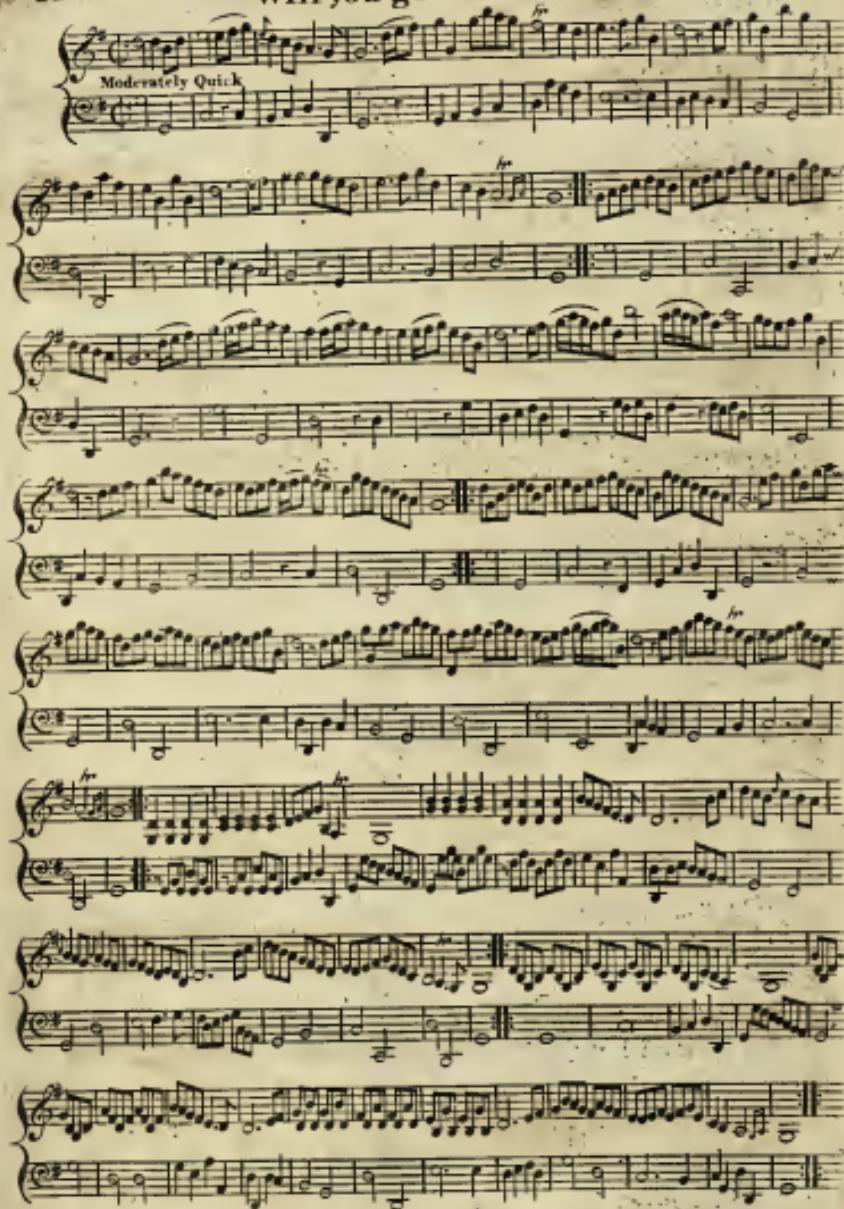
The Malt-man comes on Monday



^H Only the 4th String a Note higher.



Will you go to Flanders



1. Braes of Tuchterly.

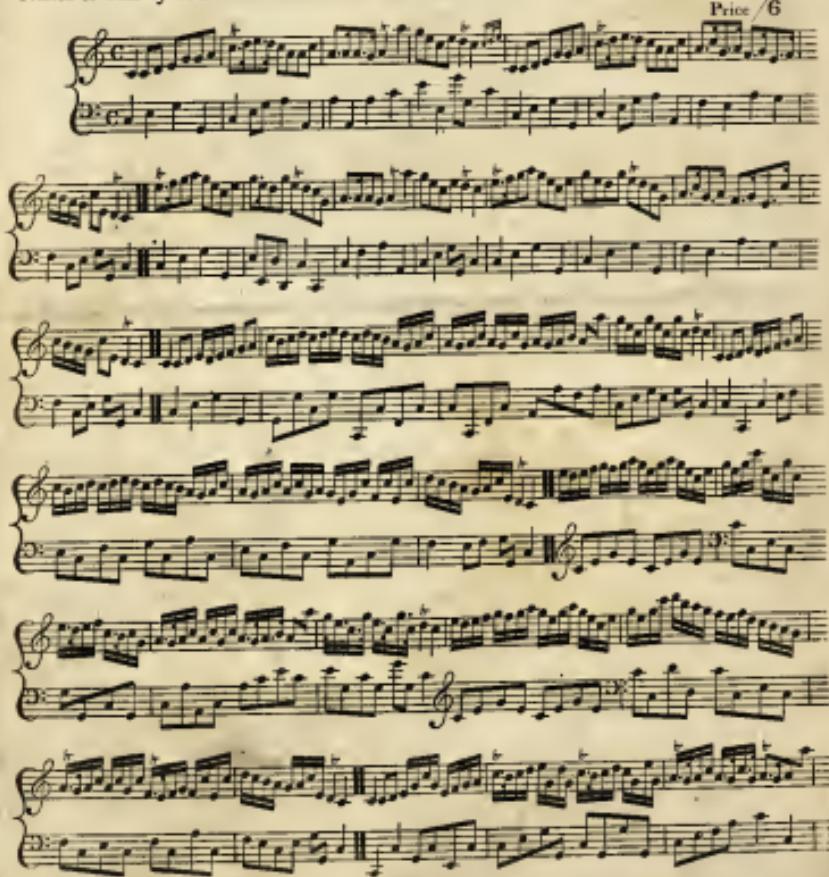
With Variations Adapted to the PIANO-FORTE &c.

BY A

Young Lady.

Printed & Sold by J. BRYSON Music Seller Edin^r.

Price 6





26

DELVEN HOUSE

Composed (in Imitation of Irish) and Dedicated to

M^{RS} MUIR M^CKINZIE

By

NATH: GOW.

EDIN^T Printed and Sold by GOW & SHEPHERD N^o 41 North Bridge Street, Where
may be had just Published GOW's Collection of Original German Volts Price 6/ Greatest
variety of Grand and Square Piano Fortes, Music &c. at the London Prices.

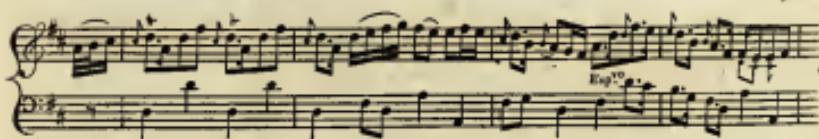
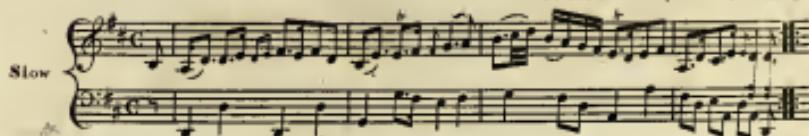
Delven House

Pr. 1/

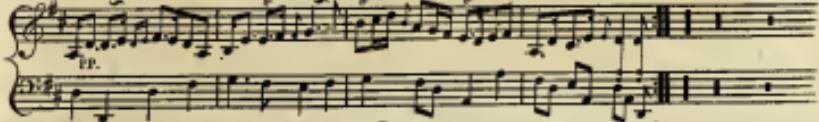
Slow

29
MISS M^CLEOD of Colbeck's Strathspey.

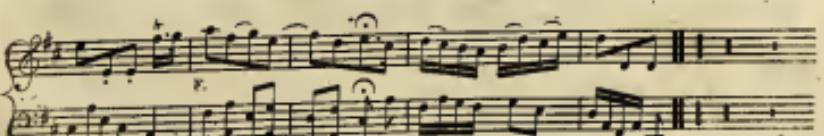
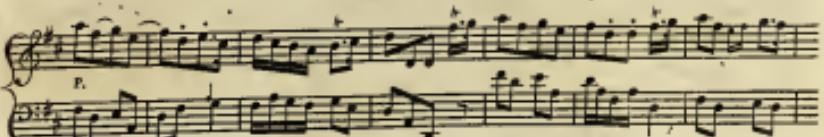
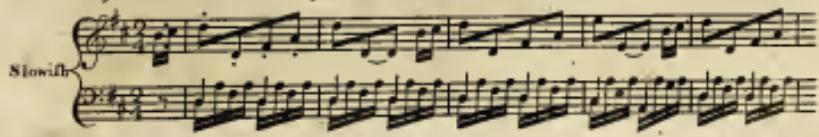
As Danced at the Open house by Hobart



8th Alto Ad Lib.



My Love She's bitt a Läisie yet, as Performed at the Royal Edin^r Voluntiers Concert.



36.

111.17.10.2.16.1.1.1

The BANKS of CLYDE

A Scots Song

Set for the

Voice, Piano-Forte, Guitar, Flute, or Violin.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen in the Upper and Nether ward of Clyde.

this Song is Humbly Dedicated by the Author

JOHN HAMILTON of LANARK.

The Harmony Symphony Co.

By

M^r Watt

Entered in Stationer's Hall

Price 6d.

Entered in Stationers Hall
EDIN. Printed & Sold by J: WATLEN, 34, North Bridge, & N^o1, Charlotte Row Long Lane
Southwark London. where may be had, all the Scots Music. Instruments Bought & Sold &c. &c.
Little Flower

Southwark London. where may be many, as Little Flower

Lively Sy My Love is

gone and left me, up to the raging Sea. He's gone to fight his Enemies regardless of

His King and Country call'd him he woud no longer bide, and has left me for to

Little flower

Mourn on the Banks of the Clyde, But had my dearest Jockie but love on I did

Love, He never would have left me up on the Main to Rove, O ye kind powers de-

fend him and o'er his Life pre-Ride, And fend him saf-ely Back unto the

Banks of the Clyde. By

Tempo primo

(2)

Among the Birkes I'll wander along the water Edge,
 And speak of my Dear Jockie unto each Bush and Hedge,
 To th' places where we Haunted my secrets I'll Confide,
 In the absence of my Love, on the Banks of the Clyde;
 Ye Cooing Doves and Blackbirds come lend your warbling Strains,
 To sing my Jockies praises till he Return again,
 For Jockie he is Valiant, kind Neptune be his Guide,
 And fend him Crown'd with Laurels to the Banks of the Clyde.

(3)

But if in heat of Battle, my Lover he be slain,
 Then I a Virgin widow for ever will remain!
 All for the sake of Jockie my joy and all my pride,
 For a sweeter youth never was on the Banks of the Clyde;
 But come foand Hope support me for I'll depend on you,
 Theres some that doth come back, and why may not Jockie too?
 Yes he'll return Victorious and I shall be his Bride,
 Then we'll Love, Dance, and Sing, all on the Banks of the Clyde.

33

ROY'S WIFE OF ALLDIVALOCH

A Favourite Old Scots Song

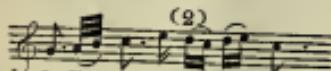
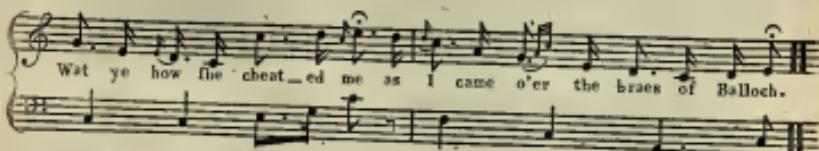
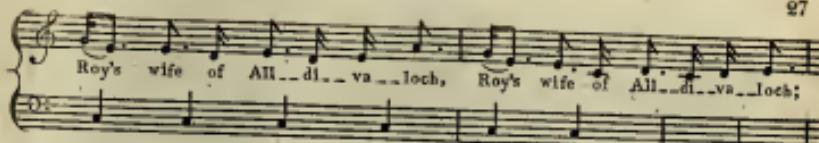
Set for the Piano Forte, Voice, Violin, and Guittar.

Price 6*d*.

EDIN^r. Printed & Sold by John Watkin 34 North Bridge Street, & N^o. 1 Charlotte Row, Long Lane Southwark, London. Also, all the Scots Music Instruments Sold, Least out £c.

Moderately

Slow.



And well co'd the dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine;
Or id been Roy of Allidivvalloch.

Roy's wife &c.

(3)

Her hair fae fair, her e'en fae clear,
Her wee bit mow' fa sweet and bonny;
To me she ever will be dear
Tho' thes forever left her Johnie.
Roy's wife &c.

For the Gittar &c.



46

JOHNY FAA,

or the

Gypsie Laddie

An Old Scots Song

Set for the Voice Piano Forte Guitar Flute or Clarinet

Price 6d

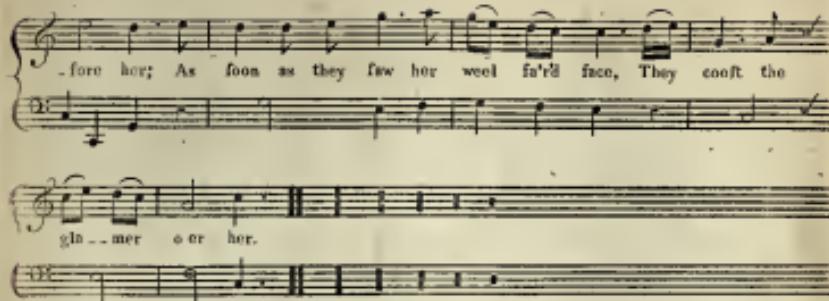
EDINBURGH Printed & Sold by J. WATLEN 34 North Bridge Street, where may be had, all the Scots & English Music, Instruments Sold, Lest Out, Tun'd &c. &c. &c.

SLOW

The gypsies came to our Lord's yett, And vow but they sang

sweetly; They sang the sweet, and the compleat, That down came the fair

Lady: When she came tripping down the stair, And a' her maids be-



(2)

Give tak firs me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a pladdie;
For if kith and kin and a' had swora,
I'll follow the gypkie laddie.
Yestreen I lay in a weel made bed,
And my good Lord beside me;
This nicht I'll lie in a tenmath barn,
Whatever shall bytide me.

(3)

Oh come to your bed says Johny Fis,
Oh come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your Lord shall nee mair come near yo.
I'll go to bed to my Johny Fis,
And I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and swear by what salt yestreen,
That my Lord shall nee mair come near me.

(4)

I'll make a hap to my Johny Fis,
And I'll make a hap to my deary;
And he's get a' the cost gars round,
And my Lord shall nee mair come near me.
And when our Lord came hame at o'en
And I spirri for his fair Lady,
The tane the cryd, and the other replyd,
She's nee wi' the gypkie laddie.

(5)

Give fiddle to me the black, black Reed,
Gee fiddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gie fook my fair Lady,
And we were fifteen well made men,
Altho' we were nee bonny;
And we are a' put down for aye,
The Earl of Caisillis' Lady.

6. *Arctium lappa*

1996-07-22 16:45:52 -0400 (EDT)

MO R A G

A favourite old Gaelic song

Set for the
Voice, Piano-Forte, Violin,
Flute, Guitars &c.

Entered in Stationers Hall

Price 6d

N.B. This Song is now Sung in all Parts of Scotland,
with great Applause

EDINBURGH Printed & Sold by J: WATLEN, 54 North Bridge Street, where may be had,
all the Genuine Scots Music &c. Instruments of all Sorts Sold, Exchanged, &c. &c.

Moderato

St Morag bheag nan dluth chiaibh Gu'm maith da'n tig nan
gantailbh 'S'r... ibeanan on bhu O Mur d'rian mi mear...achd

Chorus.
eantais Gur robb mhaith celle Duic thu . Se

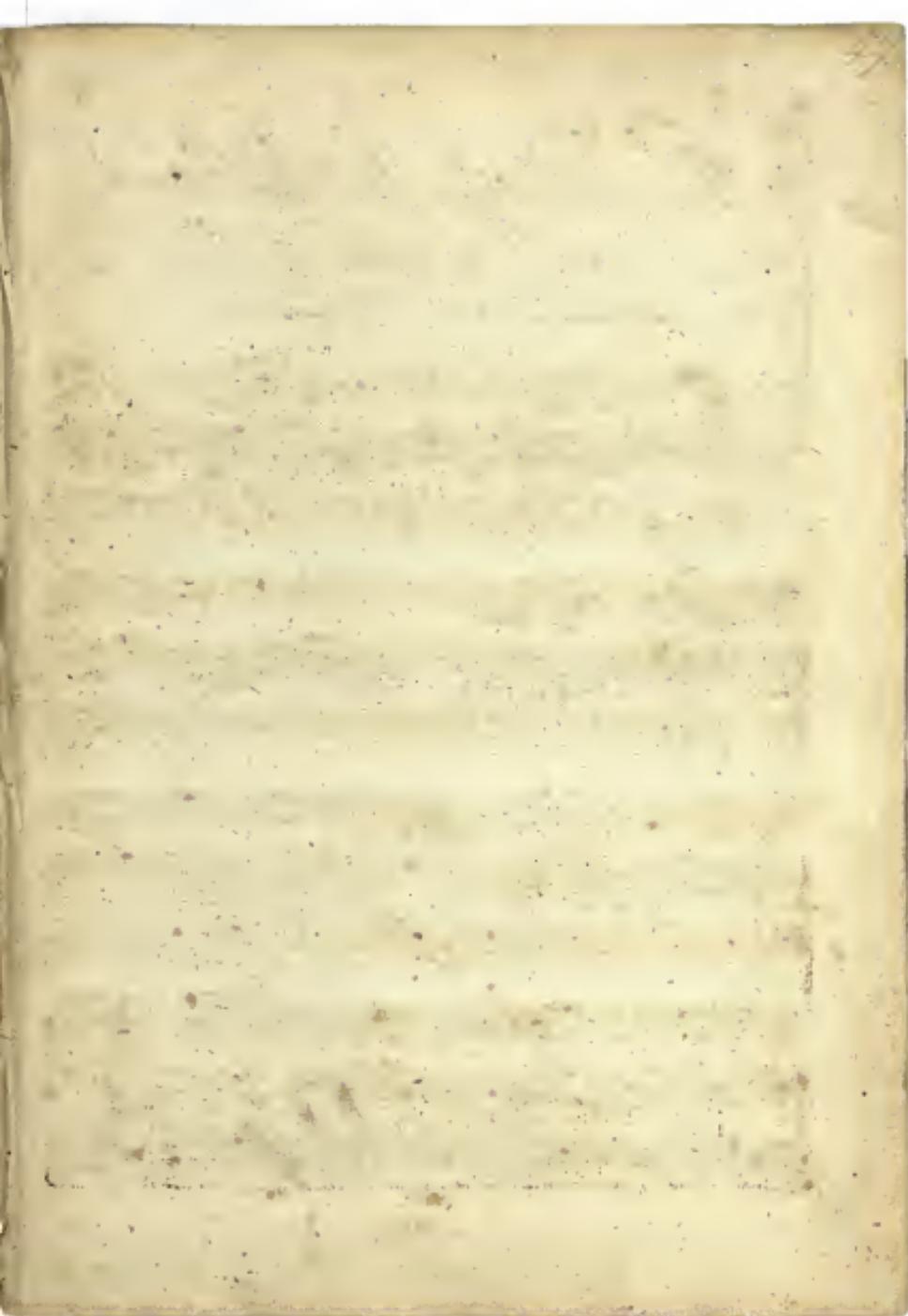


MORAG.

For the Guitar &c.

Moderato $\text{G} \, \text{C}$

Si Morag bheag uau dluth chish Gu'm maith da'u tig na
 gantaibh S'r...theana ou bha O Mar d'ruin mi mear...achd
 cuatais Gur robb mhaith celle Duo thu. Cho⁸ Se
 rann mo chagar Morag Smo cheile cadal Mor...ag Gu'm
 b'aille leum agam Morag Gur taitneach leum do chomhra.



The Favorite Scotch Rondo.

Sung by M^{rs} SUTHERLAND.

Price 6/-

Vio. 2d

Vio. 1st

Allegretto

Over the Seas my Love is Sailing, gently blow ye Eastern gales; Love his dear approach is hailing, flies to view the swelling Sails; Love his dear approach is hailing flats to view the

swelling Sails, flies to view the swelling Sails, Sy
 O'er the O_cean whilf he's roving, who has broid the fairy clime, I endure the
 Pain of loving, I grow sick of thought and time I grow sick of thought and time
 Sea Nymphs all the while are playing, guard his Velvet sail from bosome, but no more shall
 he be staying, Damons Port shall be my Arms, Damons Port shall be my Arms

50

BLACK MARY

a Favourite old Gaelic Song

Set for the Voice, Piano-Forte, Flute, or Violin

Ent. in Stationer's Hall

Price 6d

EDINB Printed & Sold by J. Watson 34 North Bridge, & N^o 1 Charlotte-Row Long-Lane Southwark London. Where may be had, all the Scots Music, original Sets, Instruments Sold, Lent out, &c. &c.

Modera

to

Chad' Banchag na Bouille o Rheatóibhich carricholra Ho...ro Mhari Ge'n

Teanc-tigh tu riime Na Giakha mba Singh fo blair sig na feannagan Ho...ro Mhari Ge'n

Cho²

Teanc-tigh tu riime 'S a Mhari nan tiget' tu thaline' tu riime 'S a Mhari nan tiget tu

thaline' tu riime 'S a Mhari nan tiget tu b'e do blanch agam ne Ho...ro Mhari Ge'n

Teanc-tigh tu riime. *8y.*

(2)

Nuair uisde thas Dhaeada'n Lochd Beurla fhearsid ort
Horo Mary g'm teantigh tu rinne
Bith Crochda arda gan cuireadh air t'anarta
Horo Mary g'm teantigh tu rinne
Cho⁸ 'S a Mary na tiges tu thaithe tu rinne &c.

(3)

Tha Ruaidh fo' gneimean 'an chaol e mna Bhanach
Horo Mary g'm teantigh tu rinne
Cha deanae car foun ma threigheas a Leannan e
Horo Mary g'm teantigh tu rinne
Cho⁸ 'S a Mary na tiges tu thaithe tu rinne &c.

Translations

Verse 1st

The maid of the fold is from Herding in the Spring
Horo black Mary return to me
The Stirls lie condemned in the power of the Crows
Horo black Mary return to me
Cho⁸ O Mary Return, then happy I'll be
O Mary Return, then happy I'll be
O Mary return and welcome you'll be
Horo black Mary return to me.

(2)

When you go to Edinburgh, in English they'll ask for you
Horo black Mary return to me
High knotted Ribbons will adorn your Head-dress
Horo black Mary return to me
Cho⁸ O Mary Return, then happy I'll be &c.

(3)

Rory is melancholy since he heard of the maid of the Dairy
Horo black Mary return to me
He'll never do good if his Sweetheart forfakes him
Horo black Mary return to me
Cho⁸ O Mary Return, then happy I'll be &c.

54

MAC GREGOR ARUARO.
 A Favourite Old Scots Song
 Set for the Piano Forte, Voice or Guitar

Price

6d

Edin^t Printed by J. WATLEN. 34 North Bridge Street, Where may be had, all the
 Scots Music &c. All kinds of Instruments Lent out & Sold, at the above Ware House.

Largo

From the chase in the Mountain, as I was re-turning By the side of a
 foun-tain Mal-ri-on-a set mourn-ing; To the winds that loud whiffid, she told her sad
 story; And the vallies re-echoed Mac Gregor A-ruaro.

(2)

Like a flash of red light'ning, o'er the heath came Macara,
 More fleet than the roe buck on the lofty Beinn.Iara.
 Oh where is MacGregor, say where does he hover.
 You son of bold Calmar, why tarryes my lover.

(3)

Then the voice of soft sorrow, from his bosom thus sounded,
 Low lies your MacGregor, pale mang'd and wounded.
 Overcome with deep flamber, to the rock I convey'd him,
 Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him.

(4)

As the blast from the mountain soon alps the fresh bloom,
 So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom.
 MacGregor! MacGregor! loud echo refounded,
 And the hills rung in pity. MacGregor is wounded.

(5)

Near the brook in the valley, the green turf did hide her,
 And they laid down MacGregor sound sleeping beside her,
 Secure is their dwelling from foes and black flander;
 Near the roaring loud waters their spirits oft wander.

For the German Flute.

Largo

Song.

S. p.

55.

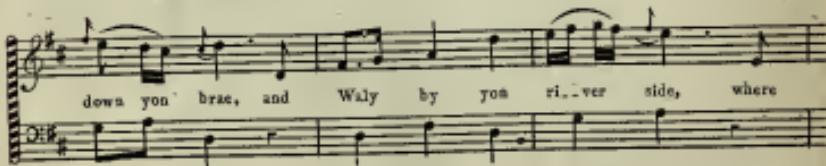
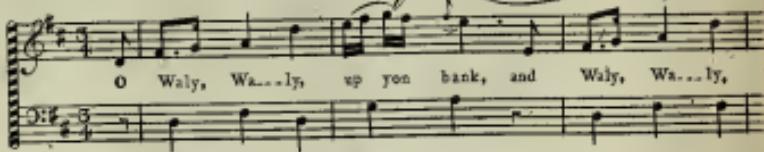
WALY, WALY,

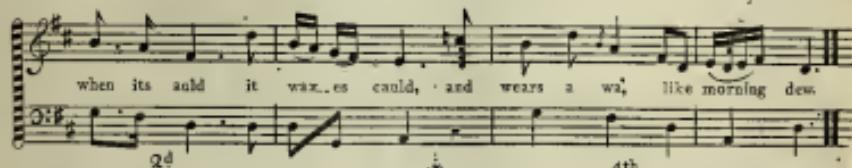
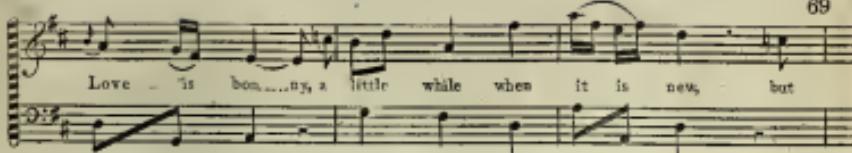
A Favourite Old Scots Song

With much Approved of Alterations *By*

Rob. Riddell Esq^r of GLENRIDDLE ^{pr/6}

Slow





I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree!
But first it bow'd and sine it brak,
And we did my fause love to me.
When cockle-shells tura siller bells,
And mussels grow on evry tree;
When frost and snow shall warm us a',
Then shall my love prove true to me.

3d

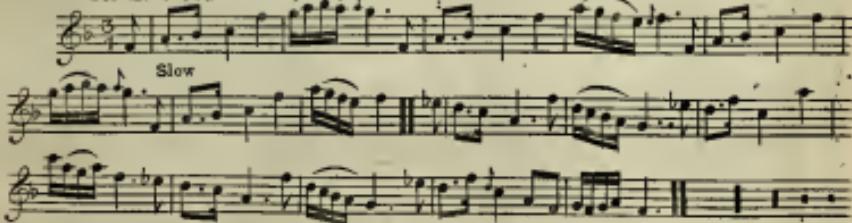
Now Arthur'sfeat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fgi'd by me;
S^t Anton's well shall be my drink
Since my True-love's forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,
And tak a life that wearies me?

'Tis not the frost that freezeth fell,
Nor blowing snow's inclemency,
'Tis no sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me,
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in velvet black,
And I my self in cramlasie.

5th

But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been sic ill to win,
I'd lockt my heart in case of gold,
And pinnd it with a silver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gane,
For maid again I'll never be!

For the Guitar



Edinburgh Printed & Sold by JOHN WATLEN N^o 34 North Bridge Street. See his Catalogue

Fair Maid of Perth's sweet Town

A Favorite Scots Air, Composed by J. JONES.

The words by A. M^c Laren.

Price 6

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, G major. The vocal line (top staff) contains lyrics. The piano accompaniment (bottom staff) provides harmonic support. The lyrics are as follows:

And
 The Sun had bid the world good Night, and
 flat the gates of Day, when Colin sought the loftiest height, that borders
 on the Tay: there of his love and pain be sung, and cruel Peggy's
 frozen, the neighbouring hills in Concert rung. Fair Maid of

When on the careful Nurf's breast
 The smiling Infant lay,
 The rising Morning from the East
 Never bore forth such a ray,
 The wond'ring Angels from the skies
 On Scroop's wings came down,
 To view thy charms with Jealous Eyes
 Fair Maid of Perth's sweet Town.

But why should I (copprefit with woe)
 Delight to say she's fair,
 For 'tis to that, alas, I owe
 My torments and despair,
 Tho' all the Night in floods of tears
 My weary Couch I drown,
 No morning beam my Bofon chears
 Fair Maid of Perth's sweet Town

Thou' you're unkind, I can't endure
 And bear your Cold diddsin,
 For where can I expect a care
 When you prolong my Pain
 Where's my Bark on life's rude sea
 By Fortune's Storms is thrown,
 May Heav'n's propitious prove to thee,
 Fair Maid of Perth's sweet Town

Edinburgh

Printed & Sold by JOHN WATLEN, at His Music Ware-House
N^o. 54, North Bridge Street. Where may be had,

All the Scots Music without being Italianiz'd in the least; also every new Musical
Publication in Europe: Instruments of all Sorts Lent out on Hyre, Sold, Test'd &c.
See His Catalogue.

If a Body meet a Body

A Favorite Old Scots Song

Set for the

Voice, Piano Forte,

GERMAN FLUTE,

or

Guitar

Entered in Stationers Hall

Price 6^d

Andante

If a Body meet a Body, going thro' the Rye,
If a Body kifs a Body, need a Body cry; Ilka Body has a Body.

2

If a Body meet a Body, coming frae the well,
 If a Body Kills a Body, need a Body tell;
 Ilka Body has a Body, never aane have I,
 But a' the Lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.

3

If a Body meet a Body, comlog frae the Town
 If a Body Kills a Body, need a Body gloom;
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, oehr aane have I,
 But a' the Lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.

For the Guitars &c

slow

If a Body meet a Body, gaing thro' the Rye, If a Body Kills a Body
 need a Body cry: Ilka Body has a Body, never aane have I;
 But a' the Lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.

AULD ROB THE LAIRD.

A Favourite Scots Song

Set for the Voice, Piano Forte, Guitar, Flute or Clarinet

Price

6d

Edinburgh Printed by JOHN WATKIN 34 North Bridge Street, & N^o 1 Charlotte Row
Long Lane Southwark London, where may be had all the Scots Music 8s. 8s. 8s.

Moderato

Auld Rob the Laird o' muckle land, To won me was nee very
blate, But spite o' his Gear he fand, He came to woo, a day o'er late.
A Lad Ie blyth, Iae full o' gie, My heart did nee-er never ken, And
nane can gie sic joy to me, As Jamie o' the Glen.

(2)

My Minny grat like daft and wild,
To gae me wi' her will comply.
But still I wadna hae the Laird,
Wi' a' his Oifen, Sheep, and Kye.
Cho⁵ A Lad fae blyth &c.

(3)

At what are Silks and Satins bra,
What's a' his Warldly Gear to me.
They're daft that cast themselves awa,
Where nae Content or Luve can be.
Cho⁵ A Lad fae blyth &c.

(4)

I could na bide the filly clash,
Came hourly frae the Gawky Laird,
And fee to stop his gab and faish,
Wi' Jamie to the Kirk repaid.

Cho⁵ A Lad fae blyth &c.

(5)

Now iles Summer's day is lang,
And Winter's cold wi' frost and snow.
A Tunefu' Lilt and Bonny Sang,
Ay keep dull Care and Strife awa.
Cho⁵ A Lad fae blyth &c.

For the Guitar or Clarinet.



54

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWS.

A favourite old Scots Song
As Sung at the
EDINBURGH CONCERT
Set for the
Voice, Piano-Forte, Violin, or German Flute

Price 6d.

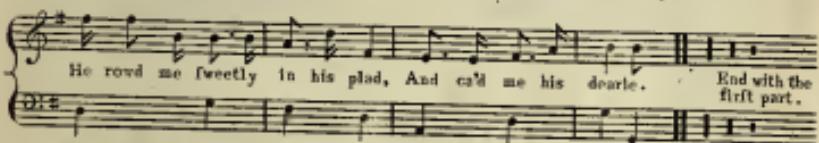
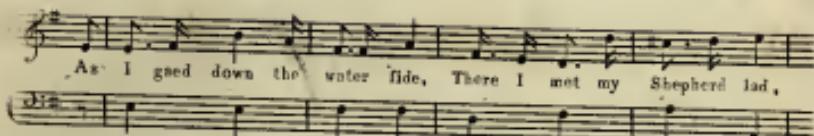
EDIN^T Printed & Sold by J: WATLEN, 34 North Bridge Street, & N^o 1 Charlotte Row
Long Lane, Southwark London, where may be had, all the Scots Music original set's &c.
Instruments Bought & Sold, Lent out on hire &c. See Watlen's Catalogue.

Moderato

Ca' the Ewes to the Knows, Ca' them whare the Heather

grous; Ca' them whare the Burnie rows, My bonnie dearie.

End.



(3)

Will ye gang down the water tide
 And see the waves so sweetly glide,
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
 The Moon it shines so clearly.
 Cho: Ca' the Ewes &c.

(4)

I was bred up at nae sic School,
 My Shepherd lad, to play the fool,
 And a' the day to sit in dool,
 And nae body to see me.
 Cho: Ca' the Ewes &c.

(5)

Ye fall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Cauf leather shoes upon your feet,
 And in my arms ye'll lie and sleep,
 And ye fall be my dearie.
 Cho: Ca' the Ewes &c.

(6)

If y'll but stand to what ye've said,
 I'll gang wi' you, my Shepherd lad,
 And ye may row me in your plaid,
 And I fall be your dearie.
 Cho: Ca' the Ewes &c.

(7)

While waters wimple to the sea;
 While day blinks in the hift sic hie;
 Till clay could death fall blin' my e'e,
 Ye fall be my dearie.
 Cho: Ca' the Ewes &c.

79

YARROW VALE.

A Favourite Scotch Song

Written by M^r MACDONALD.

The Music Composed by

M^r. WATZEN

Price 6d

EDIN^R. Printed by the Author of whom may be had the Celebrated Circus Music Recds &c 6/-
 God Save the King with Var^s 1/Bush shoon Traquie with Var^s 1 Take O Take those Lips 1/6/- Recds.
 at his Music Ware house N^o 13 neath Bridge Street, Also all the Scots Music

Very Slow

yar - row vale by yar - row streams, where love and youth and
 beau - ty stay oft, thru' the twi - lights wan - ing Gleam

the - M - ay trac - the dew - ey way the - lost - the meads the

This Song was Sung by M^r URBANI at the Edinburgh Concert with unbounded Applause

Towing trees the fin - - ing of the west - ern gale, yet -
 figh'd for some - - thing still to please by yar - - row
 stream in yar - - row vale by yar - - row dream in
 yar - - row vale, Sy

2

In Yarrow Vale by Yarrow stream
 Sweet pleasure reigns the penitive said
 Here thodes indulge the Shepherd's dream
 And Zephyra soothe the flamb'ring Maid
 While I in Languor walling rose
 Lifting the lonely Woodlark's wail
 And the Woods unheeded rose
 By Yarrow stream in Yarrow Vale.

3

In Yarrow Vale by Yarrow stream
 Nature his Friend his guardian Lowe
 Colin beneath the Moon's soft beam
 Had follow'd Mary thro' the Grove
 He look'd she blus'd he spoke she figh'd
 No words are made to tell the Tale
 O charming Meads and Groves she cried
 By Yarrow stream in Yarrow Vale.

82

Well away Cruel Barbara Allen

A Favorite Song

SUNG BY MASTER WELSH

At Vauxhall Gardens

COMPOSED by MR. HOOK.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

Price 1/-

London Printed & Sold at A. Blane & Weller's, Music Warehouse 23, Oxford Street.

Fletas Con Sordini

Violins

Corno Sempre Piano

Tenor Con Sordini

Voce Andantino poco lento con molto Espressione

Basso Sempre Piano

Violino Primo con Voce

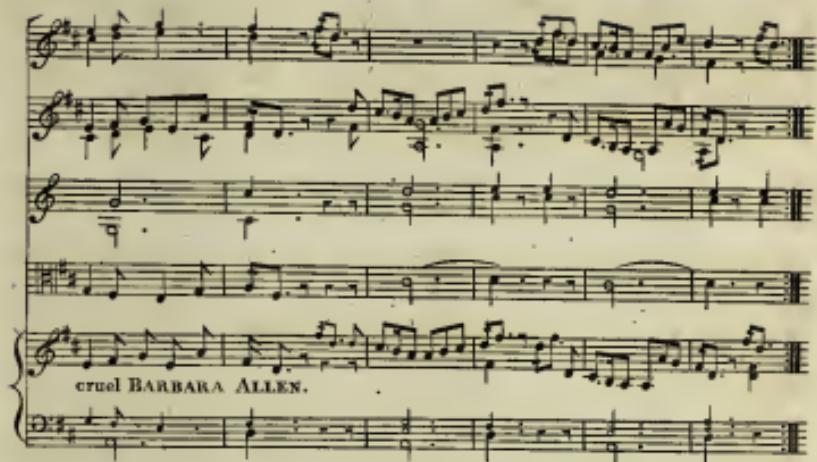
Flute

in the merry month of May, when green buds they were swelling, young

JEMMY on his Death bed lay for Love of BARBARA ALLEN.

well away well away well away well away well away cruel BARBARA ALLEN.

A handwritten musical score for a vocal piece. The score consists of six staves of music. The first staff is for Violino Primo con Voce, the second for Violino Secondo, the third for Viola, the fourth for Flute, the fifth for Bassoon, and the sixth for Cello. The vocal line is integrated into the Violino Primo staff. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand, appearing in three distinct sections. The first section is 'in the merry month of May, when green buds they were swelling, young'. The second section is 'JEMMY on his Death bed lay for Love of BARBARA ALLEN.'. The third section is 'well away well away well away well away well away cruel BARBARA ALLEN.'. The score is written on aged, yellowed paper.



2
He turn'd his Face unto her strait,
With deadly forrow fighing,
O lovely Maid some pity thow,
I'm on my Death bed lying.
Well away &c.

3
If on your Death bed you do lie,
What needs the tale your telling,
Without one Tear without one figh,
Farewell said BARBARA ALLEN.
Well away &c.

4
When he was laid in his cold grave,
Her heart was struck with forrow,
To day you died for me she said,
For you I'll die tomorrow.
Well away &c.

5
Farewell she said ye Virgins all,
Oh then the fault I fel in,
Henceforth take warning by the fall,
Of cruel BARBARA ALLEN.
Well away &c.

81

88.

1 THE BONNY BOLD SOLDIER.

A Favorite Song Sung by M^r HAMILTON.

Price /6

Allegro.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing in the middle of the second staff and continuing through the fifth staff. The lyrics are:

I've plenty of Lovers who sue me in vain, my heart is with Billy far
over the plain, For handsome and witty and bold is the Swain, The Bonny bold
Soldier young Willy for me, For handsome and witty and bold is the Swain, The
Bonny bold Soldier young Willy for me, In the Trumpet Sherill found the

Soldier de-light's, For Honour his King and his Country he Fights
 be Fights For honour his
 King and his Country he Fights, For Honour his King and his Country he
 Fights

(2)

I share with is drest in the heart of a Beast,
 A Doctor my Palis feels and never takes a fee,
 The one is predantic the other all Show,
 The Bonny bold Soldier young Willy for me,
 In the Trumpet Shrill found *Sc.*

(3)

The Lawyer so crafty I fly from in Fear,
 The dangling Poet I flan when I fee,
 Once more O ye Power's before me my Dear,
 My Bonny bold Soldier young Willy for me,
 In the Trumpet Shrill found *Sc.*

90

17

Forty favorite
 SCOTCH AIRS,
 adapted for a
 Violin German Flute or
 V I O L O N C E L L O,
 with the Phrases marked and proper fingering for the latter instrument:
 being a Supplement to the Examples in the Theory
 & Practice of fingering the Violoncello
 by
 John Gunn

Entered at Stationers Hall.

Price 7s6d.

L O N D O N.

Printed for & Sold by the Author, at 1, 1, Bennet Street, Rathbone place
 & R. Birchall, at Handel's Head, No. 12, New Bond Street.
 where may be had the Theory & Practice of fingering the Violoncello.

92.

The last time I came over the Moar-

1

Andante

Tweed side. Duett.

145

The image shows a page of sheet music for a piece titled "Affettuoso". The music is written in four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The second staff starts with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff begins with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth staff begins with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. Above the music, there are various fingerings and rests indicated by numbers and symbols such as asterisks (*), dots, and dashes. The first staff has fingerings: 21, 0 1 2 4, 2 1 2 4 2 3 2, 2 1 2 1 0 1 2 4, 0 2 2 1 1 0, 2 1. The second staff has fingerings: 2 1 2 1 1 2, 2 1 2 1 2 4, 2 1 2 1 1 2, 1 2 1 2 1 1 2, 2 1. The third staff has fingerings: 0 1 2 4, 2 1 2 4 1 2 4, 2 1 2 1 0 1, 1 2 2 3 1 1 0, 1 2 3 1 2 1 2 3, 1 2. The fourth staff has fingerings: 1 1 2, 2 1 2 1 2 4, 2 1, 2 4 2 3 2 3, 2 1, 0, 0 1. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the page.

2

The Lass of Patie's Mill.

Andante

Softenuato.

The Mill Mill O.

Andante

So merry as we have been.

Andante

Amid Robin Gray.

Larghetto

The bush shoon Traquair.

Largo

An thou were mine ain thing.

Amorofo

Woes my Heart that we shoud flunder.

5

Affettuoso

4 1 2 4 2 1 + 2 1 + 1 2 + 1 2 2 3 1 2 2 1 2 4 1 2 + 1 2 1

* 2 1 0 4 2 1 3 2 3 2 1 4 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 1 2 1

2 1 2 3 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 2 1 4 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 1 2 1

Gilderoy: Duett.

Largo

1 2 2 4 2 1 1 2 1 2 4 2 1 2 1 2 4 2 2 0 1 4 2 1 2 1 2 4 2 1

2 1 2 4 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 4 2 2 3 2 2 1 4 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 1

2 1 2 4 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 4 2 2 3 2 4 2 1 0 6 1 2 1 2 4

4 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 4 2 1 2 1 3 2 4 2 1 2 2 1 0 1 1

2 1 2 1 2 4 2 1 2 4 2 1 0 1 1 2 1 0 6 1 2 1 2 4

Pinkey House.

Andante

01 21142110 41244132 1018 4110 01 01 2118 *

2110 4124 * 238 1018 124212 1 12 422442 942181 42148

21 12 21242 812 1 12341 101 41341 102 42 5212 841 101 0

Lachaber.

Largo

12 44 124 10 1 41123 21 12 42142 0 112 42112 1

1 242 2421210 1 3212 3 4 124 2 4221421 1 223 32 1 2

4 424 31214 31123 21 12 1442142 0 421 2121142 21

The Boat Man.

7

Andante

1 2 + 3 1 0 3 2 3 2 1 0 2 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 2 1 + 2 1 1 2 4 3 1 0 3 2

3 2 1 0 2 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 1 2 2 0 3 1 0 1 2 1 2 4 1 3 2 2 1 2 4 2 1 4 2 + 2 3

2 1 1 2 + 3 1 0 3 2 3 2 1 0 4 2 1 + 1 0 2 1 2 4 2 2 1 1 2

Nancy's to the Green Wood gone.

Andante

Softenuato

2 + 2 3 2 3 2 1 0 1 3 0 1 0 1 3 2 0 1 3 0 1 1 2 3 1 0 3 2

3 2 1 0 1 3 0 1 0 1 0 2 0 3 0 1 3 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 2 1 0 1 3 2 3 2 4 2 1 2

3 2 1 0 1 3 0 1 0 1 0 2 0 3 0 1 3 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 2 1 0 1 3 2 3 2 4 2 1 2

The yellow hair'd Laddie. Duett.

Amoroso

01 8012 1 2 * 0210 82 21 01 2012 3212 12 *
 14 242 2 82123 12142 2114 242 2 812123

01021010 0 322121 1 1g 23262 14116 123241
 12412123 8 2123 8 14 24261 002 31323

2101 2012 32124 0102101 0 322121 1
 3214 242 42123 12412123 8 2123 2

She rose and let me in.

Larghetto

45 1 1212 2121 0121 421242 21 45 118
 12 12412 123261 2 18 12361 21 21 211232

0201 1421 0 12 321 241 21123 421241 8
 1231 12 321 241 21123 421241 8

Donald.

9

Larghetto

1 6 + 2 1 0 1 1 + 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 2 1 2 + 2 1 4 2 . 1 2 + 4 2 1 0

1 + 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 4 4 1 2 + 1 1 2 + 2 1 + 2 1 3 2 1 1 8 4 1 2 3 2 3 2 1 1

4 2 2 2 1 3 2 1 1 1 8 1 2 + 2 1 0 1 1 + 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 1 4 4 1 2 + 1 1 2 + 2 1

Roslin Castle.

Lento

4 3 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 4 2 2 1 + 3 1 1 2 1 2 3 4 2 1 2 4 1 + 2 + 4 2 1 + 2 1 1 2

4 1 3 1 2 1 1 2 3 1 + 1 2 4 2 4 + 3 1 3 1 1 1 2 1 2 3 2 1 3 2 2 3 2 1 2 1 2 4 1 2

1 8 8 2 1 3 2 1 3 2 1 1 0 1 2 1 4 2 2 1 1 2 4 1 3 1 2 1 1 2 3 1 + 1 2 2 + 2 + 4 0 1 3 1

10

Polwart on the Green.*

Andante
Softenuo

Corn Riggs are bonny.

Allegretto

12

Alto a House.

Larghetto

Alto a House.

12 1 2 3 4 2 1 2 1 4 2 2 1 1 0 4 0 1 2 3 1 2 2 3 2 4 2

1 2 4 2 2 1 2 3 2 1 0 3 2 1 4 2 2 1 2 1 4 2 1 2 1 4 2

1 2 1 2 1 x x 1 1 2 8 x 2 1 2 3 1 x x 1 2 1 x x 1 1 2 8 1 0 1 4 1 3 3 2 1 4

2 2 1 2 2 1 2 3 2 1 0 2 3 2 1 4 2 2 1 2 1 4 2 1 4 2 1 4 2

Katherine Ogle.

Affettuoso

Affettuoso

4 2 1 0 1 0 1 2 4 1 2 0 1 2 3 4 5 1 0 1 2 1 2 4 2 4 1 0 1 0 1

2 4 1 2 0 3 2 1 2 4 1 2 0 2 0 1 2 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 1 4 2 1 0 1 1 0 1

4 0 1 2 4 2 1 2 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 2 1 2 4 2 1 2 4 2 3 4 1 4 1 0 2

Down the burn Davie.

13

Andante

184 216 22 4212101 224216 48 48 8 16722

424131 9112812110 2 112824 00121042 1612

1232 81 124 2 10112 4213 4 21241234 21

Bush ye, Bush ye.

Lento

P 11231 2 3216 2 1123112 42110012 11231 2 3216
12412

221 21213216 2 1 2 0 2 1124 2 3216 2 2 112 4 3

221 201124 21124140 3216221 211211410 2 1 2 3

The Bicks of Invermay.

Logan Water.

Deel take the War.

Allegretto

16

The bonny grey ey'd Morning. *

Allegretto

1 2 1 1 2 4 2 1 1 2 2 3 2 3 2 4 2 1 2 2 4 2 8

I with my Love were in a Mire. *

Larghetto

1 2 3 1 2 4 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 0 1 3 0 1 2 4 2 1 2 1 4 2 1 1 2 4

Gil Morris.

1 2 4 2 4 2 3 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 3 4 2 1 4 1 1 3 2 2 1 4 1 4 1 3 2 2 1 4 1 4 1 3 3

Adagio e Sotto Voce

Thro' the Wood Laddie.

Larghetto

4 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 4 2 3 1 8 1 4 1 1 0 1 2 3 4 3 1 3 2 1 1 2 4 2 4 2

4 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 4 1 2 3 2 4 1 4 1 1 0 1 2 4 1 4 1 2 4 2 4 2 4 1 3 1 3 4

g a 1 1 2 2 1 2 3 x 1 2 3 g 1 x x 1 2 3 g 1 2 1 x x 1 2 1 2 4 2 1 2 1 x x 1

2 x 1 1 x 1 2 x 1 2 1 x 2 4 1 1 0 1 2 4 1 4 1 2 1 2 4 2 1 4 1 3 3 1 3 4

Johny Fax.

Andante

2 2 1 4 4 2 1 8 2 2 1 4 4 2 1 2 2 4 1 4 2 1

4 2 4 1 2 4 2 2 1 4 2 1 4 2 1 1 1 2 2 3 4 1 2 1 1 4 2 2 4 2 8 2

3 2 1 1 1 2 2 3 4 1 2 1 2 4 2 2 4 1 4 4 1 4 2 1

Love is the cause of my mourning;



Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.

Andante



My apron Dearie.

Andante

The broom of Cowdenknows.

Larghetto

I'll never leave thee.

Cantabile

The Braes of Ballenden.

Larghetto

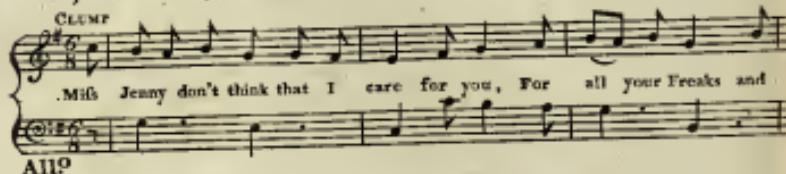
Moll in the Wad,

A favorite DIALOGUE Sung at the Theatres in Dublin.

Price 6d

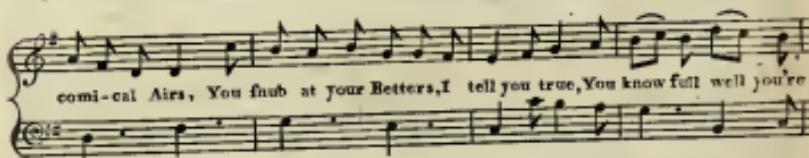
London Printed for C. and J. S. Cramer & Sons
Musical Instrument Makers, 196, Strand
& Sold at Miss Linton's Music Warehouse, Bath

CLUMPS



Miss Jenny don't think that I care for you, For all your Freaks and

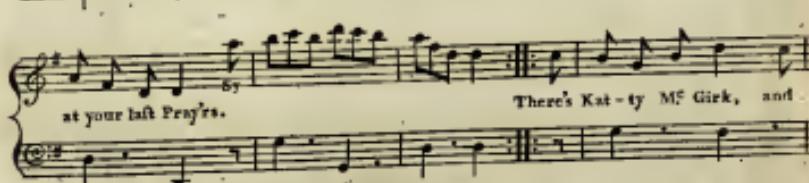
All



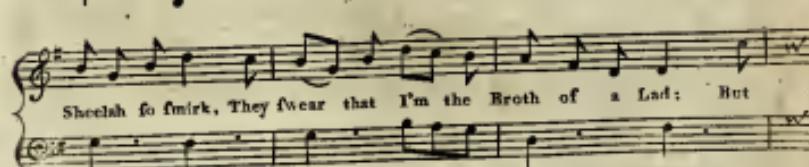
comical Airs, You flub at your Betters, I tell you true, You know full well you're

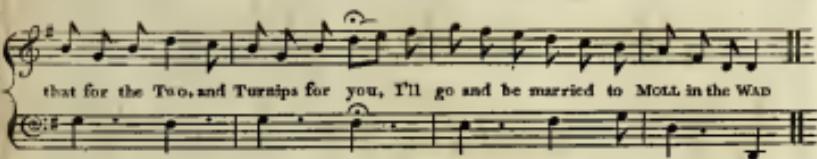
at your last Pray'r.

There's Kat - ty Mc Girk, and



Sheelish fo smirk, They swear that I'm the Broth of a Lad: But





JENNY. Pray don't be impudent, Master Clump,
 For all your Cobling Kite and Gears;
 I'll up with my Fist, and I'll give you a Thump,
 I'll smack your Face, and I'll box your Ears.
 Your Slippers and Shoes, and you I'd refuse,
 Was there no other Man to be had?
 To Mullin-a-hac be off in a Crack,
 And go to the Devil with MOLL in the WAD.

CLUMP. Farewell, Mrs. Jane, you'll rue the Day
 That you refused to butter your Bread.

JENNY. Remember your Last, poor Clump, I may
 Prepare your Sole, and twitche your Thread!

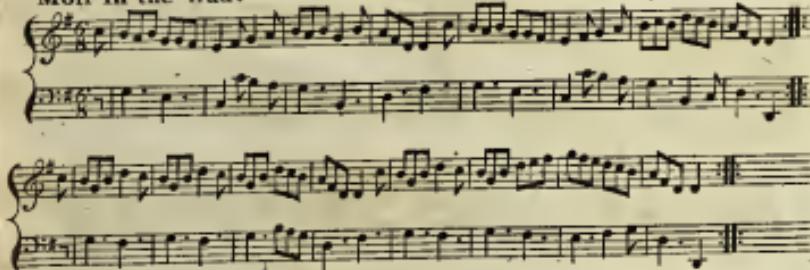
CLUMP. Had I married you... (JENNY). Pray what woud you do?

CLUMP. I'd made you a Mammy (JENNY). You'd ne'er been a Dad,
 Your Bed full of Thorns. (CLUMP.) My Head full of Horns.

JENNY. { You'd better be married to MOLL in the WAD.
 CLUMP. { I'll go and be married to MOLL in the WAD.

Moll in the Wad.

Country Dance.



First & 9d. Cu. set and Hands across \bowtie D.P. back again \bowtie Lead down the middle, and up again \bowtie Pousette with the top Cu. \bowtie

CORPORAL CASEY.

Price 6^d

When I was at home I was
 merr...y & frisky, my Dad kept a Pig & my mother sold whisky, my
 Uncle was rich but would never be en...fly till I was en...lised by
 Corporal Ca...sey oh! rub a dub row de dow Corporal

119

2

Casey rub a dub row de dow Corporal Casey my dear little

Sheelah I thought would run crazy Old when I trudged a.

way with tough Corporal Casey.

2

I march'd from Killineney and as I was thinking
 On Sheelah my Heart in my Bosom was sinking,
 But soon I was forced to look fresh as a daffy
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey:
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 The ___ go with him, I ne'er could be easy,
 He stuck in my skirt so, Old Corporal Casey.

3

We went into Battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my Pate but they bether'd me rarely,
 And who should the first be that dropt why an't please ye,
 It was my good friend, Honest Corporal Casey:
 rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 Thinks I you are quiet & I shall be easy,
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

110

In the Lake of Killarney

A Favorite Song Sung by M^{rs} HAMILTON

Piano /8

Violin, R.
Violin, P.
Cello

Allegretto

On the Lake of Killarney I first saw the Lad who with Song and with
Bagpipe could make my heart glad, On the Lake of Killarney I first saw the Lad who with
Song and with Bagpipe could make my heart glad. Sir

Fine And his hair was so red and his eyes were so bright oh they shone like the
 Stars in a cold frosty night, so tall and so stately my dear paddy was from, oh he
 look'd like the fairies that dance on the green, On the All the Girls of Killarney were
 gerry willow tree when first my dear Patrick sing love tales to me Oh he sing and he danced
 and he won my fond heart and to love has died his with my own I will put on the Allegretto
 D.C. coda

124

Murtoch Dalaney

A Favorite Song
Written & Sung by M. Wilson.

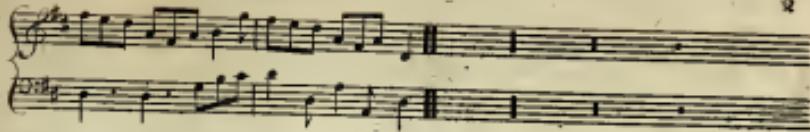
THEATRE ROYAL EDIN^R

In the Farce called the Irishman in London.

Price 6d.

Sheet music for 'Murtoch Dalaney' featuring a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line consists of four staves of music, with lyrics written below the third and fourth staves. The lyrics are:

Och! Cuhha I love the most dearly thy praises for ever
 I'll sing in Ireland I'll boddern them querly, Spoke [when they hear] that
 Murtoch's the son of a King with my Killarney Kill doodle Och! how they'll brugh how they'll brugh
 when they see my goosetherum fiddle my pretty little black prince with me.



2d

But now comes the cream of the joke Sir.
When my white, and black children you see
Och! how the great folks will laugh Sir:
To see a black prince on my knee.

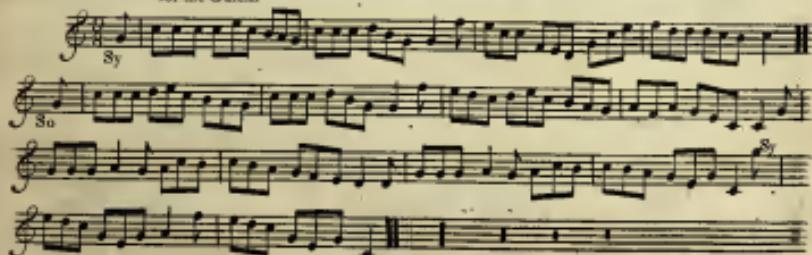
Och! the pretty little tawny crater wee one
side of his face white and the other black, but
Spokes never heed it the mother will be partial to the
white side and the father to the black so between
us both the little pye ball crater will be taken care off.
with his Killarney kill &c.
a pretty little black prince on my knee.

3d

In a chaise we will pull up to cork Sir,
With my dingy queen, full in my view;
As grand as the Dutch Duke of York Sir,
Who is gone, the french dogs to subdue.

Och! to he fire he woot leather them
Spokes till they are as black in the face
as yourself my little beauty spot
with his Killarney kill &c.
A pretty little black prince on my knee.

for the Guitar



A Mackintosh, f.c. 1888.

125

124
In a Vale Far Remov'd

A Favorite Song

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM

At Vauxhall Gardens.

Composed by MR. HOOK.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

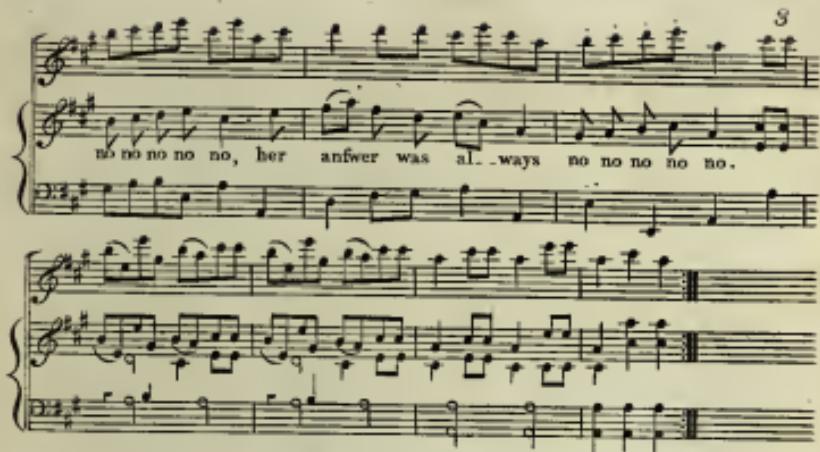
Price 1s

London.

Printed & Sold at A. Blane & Weller's, Music Warehouse, Bedford Street.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for Flute, indicated by the label 'Flute' below the staff. The second staff is for Piano, indicated by the label 'ANDANTINO' above the staff. The third staff is for Basso Continuo, indicated by the label 'In a' above the staff. The fourth staff is for Basso Continuo, indicated by the label 'In a' above the staff. The music is in common time and includes various dynamics and performance instructions.

Vale far remov'd from the noise of the town, in a Hamlet which sinning con-
 tent callid her own, there lives a fair Maid, more blooming and gay, than
 Roses in June or the blossoms in May, she was lov'd by the Shepherd a-
 dor'd by the Squire, who teaz'd her, and vex'd her, with love and desire, tho' they
 follow'd and wood her, where-e-ver she'd go, her answer was always



2

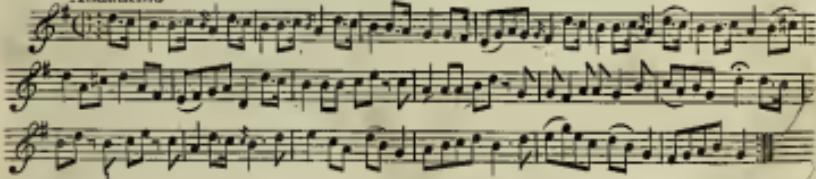
'Tis with extacy fill I remember the day,
 When I saw this dear maid crownd Queen of the May,
 Her eyes like the Sloe, her cheeks like the Rose,
 With smiles that from Innocent pleasure arose;
 While the shephends haid ANNA the Queen of the May,
 She listen'd to me and approuvd my fond lay,
 When I venturd to beg to the dance she woud go,
 She never once anfwer'd me, no no no no no.

3

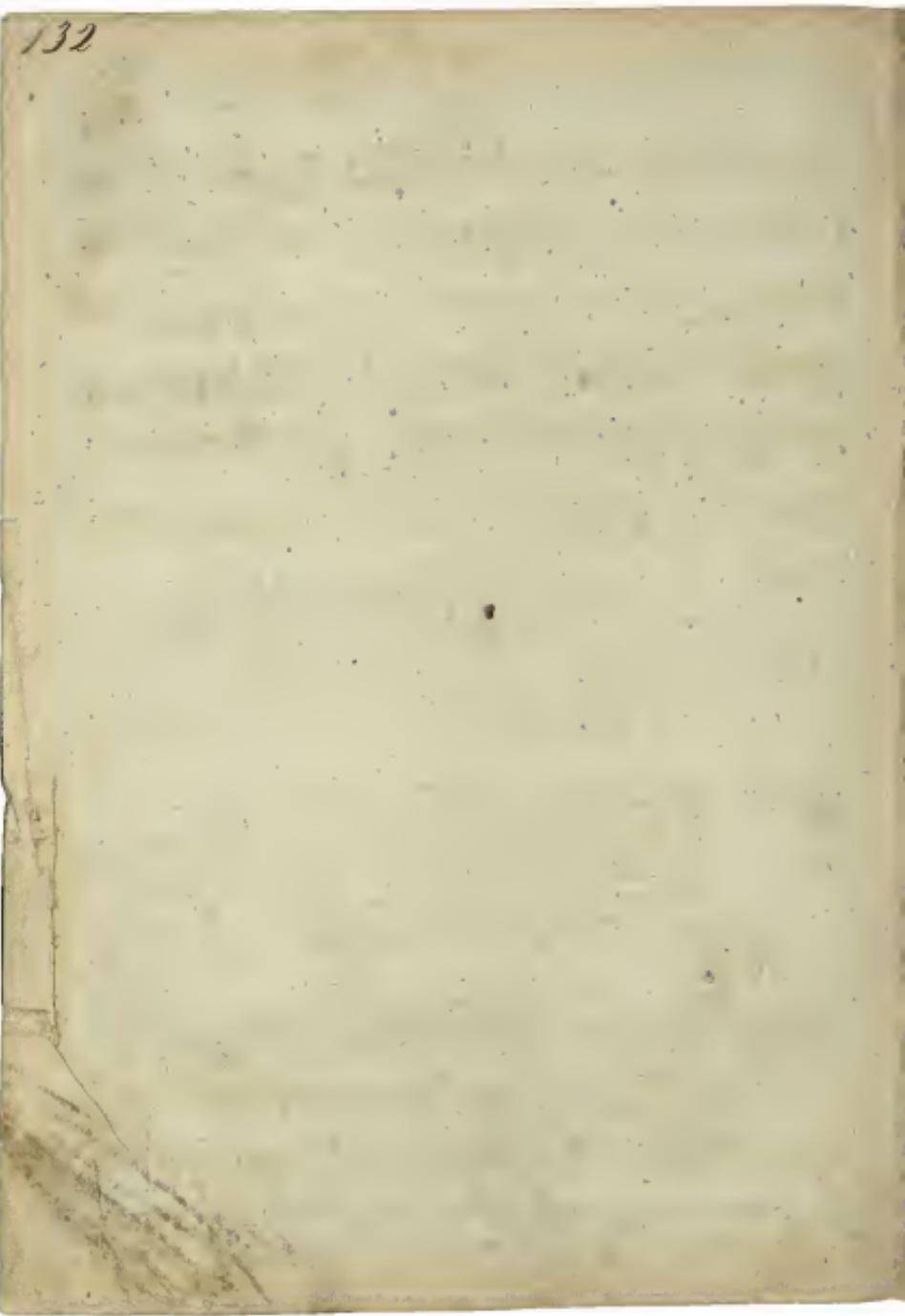
Far diftant I came, yet no farther I'll roam,
 The dwelling of Love and fair ANNA's my home,
 No Vale is so fragrant, no Maiden so fair,
 No Lad is so happy such blefings to share;
 And when she's my bride, then how great my delight,
 We'll join in the dance, in the fong we'll unite,
 In the morn with my fair one, to church will I go,
 Nor fear that sh'll anfwer me, no no no no no.

Andantino

For the German Flute



132



633

20

You're Welcome Dear Youth as the Flowers in May.

A Favorite Song.

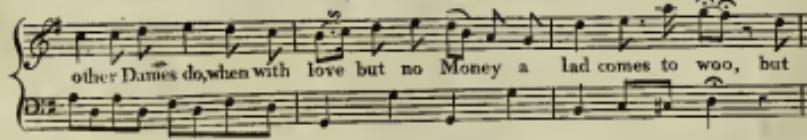
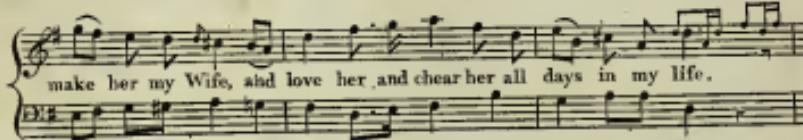
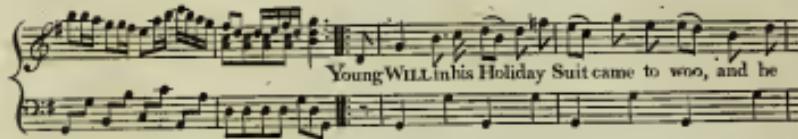
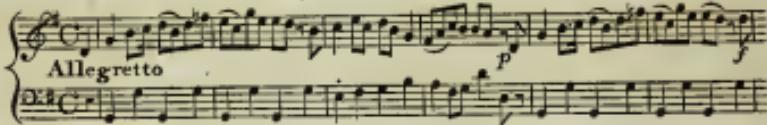
*Sung by W. Franklin,
At Vauxhall Gardens.*

Composed by W. Hooker.

Pr. 6^d

Ent. by Station Hall.

London Printed & Sold at A. Blount & Waller's Music Warehouse 23 Oxford Street.



when down before her his riches he lay, 'twas you're welcome dear youth as the
 Flowers in May, but when down before her his riches he lay 'twas you're
 welcome dear youth as the Flowers in May, 'twas you're welcome dear youth as the
 Flowers in May.

2
 My Father was told of the wealth he possest,
 For of all his acquirments his riches were best,
 When spent cry'd my Father, pray what will you do,
 With children to squall, and your wife grown a threw;
 I can work fays young WILL for my children and wife,
 And my Love shall prevent all feckling and strife,
 I'll give you my Daughter and wed her to day,
 You're as welcome dear youth as the Flowers in May.

3
 My Mother's fond wishes were gaind by his store,
 My Father by promising still to gain more,
 The bloom on his cheek, and the glance of his eye,
 Had taught me 'twas right with their wish to comply;
 I promisd tomorrow shord see me his bride,
 Presid by duty and beauty, who cou'd have deny'd,
 When a Kifs he then fued for I cou'd but obey,
 'Twas you're welcome dear youth as the Flowers in May.

136

131

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE

*A Favorite Song*Sung by Mr. Mountain,
At Vauxhall Gardens
COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK,

Entered at Stationers Hall.

Price 1³/₄
LOND O N

The Words by M. Upton.

Printed & Sold at A. Bland & Weller's Music Warehouse, 23 Oxford Street.

Vivace

WILLY af-ter courting long, married me on Sun-day,
P

All that day I held my tongue, but scolded him on Mon-day.

Tuesday I grew dull and sad, Wednesday pass'd in

3

2

WILLY next began the week,
Tippling all the Sunday,
Therefore I provok'd to speak,
Did scold him well on Monday,
Tuesday call'd him drunken fot,
Wednesday lubber lazy,
Thursday having mended not,
Why Friday made me crazy,
Tho' I hop'd the Fool would think,
Wiser on the latter day,
Not a sou for meat or drink,
Earnt he on the Saturday.

3

What was proper to be done,
Every future Sunday,
For 'twas plain I first begun,
Wrong upon the Monday,
Tuesday then I calmer seem'd,
Wedn'day was indulgent,
Thursday peace and comfort beam'd,
And Friday shone resplendent,
Chasing thus corroding strife,
Every day's a better day,
Joy and pleasure luming life,
From Saturday to Saturday.

FLUTE or GUITAR

Vivace

WILLY after courting long, Married me on Sun..day,
 All that day I held my Tongue, but scolded him on Monday,
 Tuesday I grew dull and sad, Wednesday pass'd in
 scor..ning, Thursday drove me raving mad, but Friday what a
 morning, 'till at length that balm of life, money brought a
 better day, so we lov'd like Man and Wife, so we lov'd like
 Man and Wife, kissing sweet on Sa..turday, kissing sweet on
 Saturday.

A SALT EEL FOR MYNHEER,

written & composed

Mr by Dibdin?

*and Sung by him
in his New Entertainment
called*

THE SPHINX.

*London, Printed & Sold by the Author, at his Music Warehouse,
Leicester Place, Leicester Square. 1781.*

Allegro

Handwritten musical score for 'A SALT EEL FOR MYNHEER' featuring three staves of music and lyrics. The score is in common time, with the first two staves in G major and the third in D major. The lyrics are as follows:

Wily Jack my fine fellow here's glorious news, Lord
I could have told 'em as much, That the Devil himself durst not stand in their thoes, If

John

Duncan fell in with the Dutch, What heart in the Kingdom can now feel dismay, Nine
 fall of the line not amiss, What heart in the Kingdom can now feel dismay, Nine
 fall of the line not amiss, While they flung up their shoulders and
 flung it away, How the Mounseers will jabber at this, No while English bosoms boast
 English hearts, We'll tip 'em all round a tunch, While English bosoms boast

English hearts, We'll tip 'em all round a touch, White with ardour each starts that

nothing can quench. We'll hang the Spaniards, be-labour the Dutch,

bang the Spaniards, be-labour the Dutch, And block up and laugh at the

French, We'll hang the Spaniards, be-labour the Dutch, And block up and laugh at the

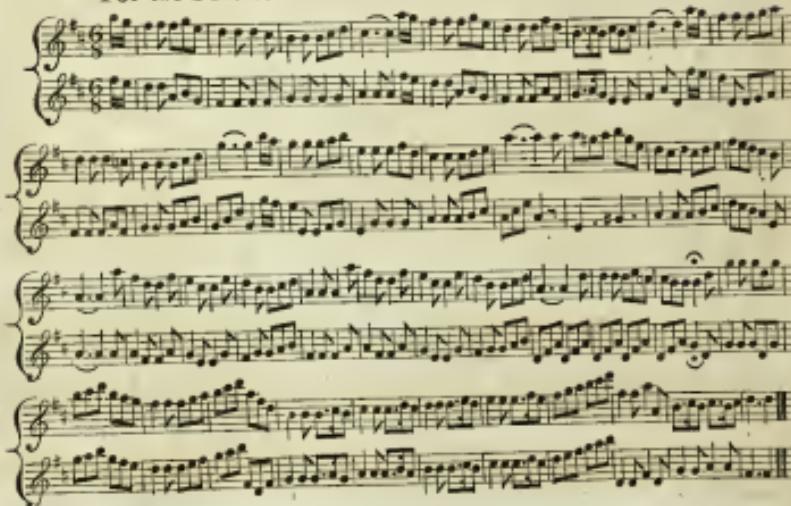
French.

Now the French, while in harbour so snug, and so fly,
 'Bout their courage they make a fine rout;
 If they'd have the whole world not believe it a lie,
 Then, damme why don't they come out!
 Because, though they brag that fit boldly they feel,
 They are all of them trembling for fear
 From Lord Bridport they get such another fit eel,
 As Brave Duncan prepar'd for Mytheer. For while &c:

Let French, Spanish, and Dutch lay together their heads,
 And of besting the English brag,
 That they'll fill up the Thames, take us all in our beds,
 And hoist on the Tower their flag;
 "Oui, oui," cries Mounfeer, "Si Signor," says the Don,
 Mytheer smokes his pipe and cries, "Yaw"
 But when Jervis, or Duncan, or Bridport come on,
 They are damnable sick in the crew. No while &c:

Your true honest maxim I've heard 'em command
 Is the nation you live in to fling;
 Where your property, children, your wife, and your friend
 Are the care of your father the King.
 The man then so blest, who disseminates strife,
 Deserves while he sinks in disgrace,
 Neither King to protect him, to love him a wife,
 Nor children to flounce in his face. No while &c:

For two Flutes.



145

Corrydon

A Favorite Song.—Innocent Love crowned with Success.

Sold at J. BRYSON's Music Shop EDINB.

P. 16

Sym. Song
The.

Sheep, all in clu - flets, crept close to the Grove, to hide from the
rigour of Day: And Phyllis her - self, amonst Woodbine a cove, in
midst of fresh Vi - olets lay. a Lambkin it feare that, had stray'd from its dam, twixt
Cupid, and Hymen, a plot: young Corry - don thought, as he search'd for his Lamb, to ar -
rive at the Cri - ti - cal spot, to ar - rive at the cri - ti - cal spot.



(2)

As through the sweet hedge, for his Lambkins he peep'd,
He spy'd the dear maid, with surprise;
Ye Nymphs, e'er so killing, he cry'd as he leap'd;
I'm lost, if she open her eyes,
To tarry much longer, would hazard my heart,
I love, for my Lambkins to trace;
In vain then does Corrydon, strive to depart,
For Love, had him mild to the place.

For Love, had him mild to the place.

(3)

Hush, hush, be these Birds, what a chirping you make,
Sure, sure, you're too loud on the spray;
Don't you see? foolish Lark, that my Charmer's a sleep,
You'll wake her, as sure as its day.
How drowses the fond Butterfly, touch the dear maid;
Her cheek, like mistakes for a Rose,
I would put it to death, if I were not affraid,
My boldness, would break her repose.

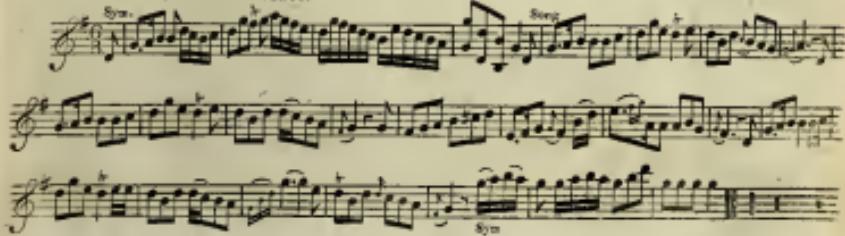
My boldness, would break her repose.

(4)

Young Philis, look'd up, with a languishing smile,
Kind Shepherd she said, you mistake;
I laid my self down, for to rest me a while,
But trust me, I've long been awake.
The Shepherd, took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
And set himself down by her side;
He usag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yesterday, made her his Bride.

But yesterday, made her his Bride.

For the German Flute.



128

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL

written or composed by
W. Liblin

and Sung by him

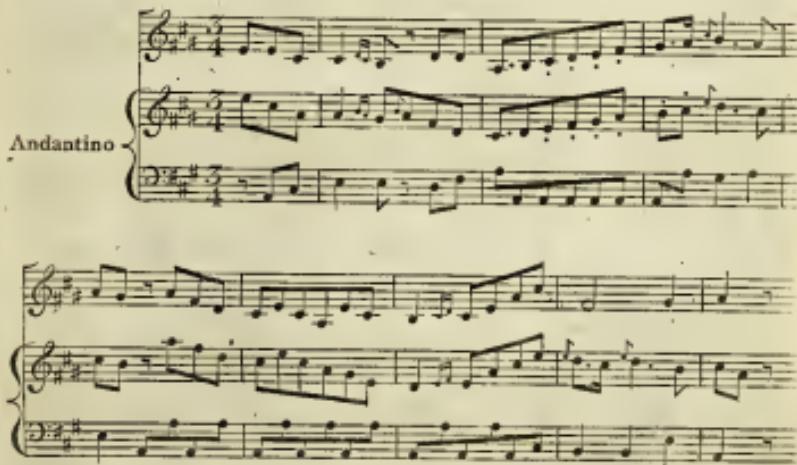
in his
new entertainment called

WILL OF THE WISP.

B. 1.

London Printed & Sold by the Author at his Music Warehouse
 Leicester Place, Leicester Square.

Andantino



W. Liblin

'Twas past mid - dian half past four, By signal I from Nancy parted At six she
 linger'd on the shore With uplift hands and broken hearted, At seven while madding the fore
 - boy, I find her faint or else twas fancy At eight we all got under weigh And hid a
 long s - aile to Nancy.

Night came and, now eight bells had rung,
While careleſt Sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid watch so joyful sang:
With tempers labour cannot weary;

I, little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that joyful night
When every true bred tar caroſies,
When o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses;

Round went the can, the jeſt the glee,
While tender wishes filled each fancy
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a ſigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six, the elements in motion
Plunged me and three poor Sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean;

Poor wretches! they soon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love feigned to forbid the waves
To ſtinch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold Enemy appeared,
And, doughtleſt, we prepared for battle;

And now, while some loved friend or wife,
Like lightning, rushed on every fancy;
To providence I truſted life,
Put up a praye, and thought on Nancy.

At laſt it was in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discovered day
And Englaſh's chalky cliffs together;

At ſeven up channel how we bore
While hopes and fears rushed on my fancy.
At twelve I gallily jumped ashore
And to my throbbing heart preſed Nancy.

For two Flutes.

The musical score consists of two staves of music for two flutes. The top staff is in common time and the bottom staff is in 6/8 time. The music features a variety of notes, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The notation is typical of 18th-century musical scores.

152

1 All in the Downs or
 Sweet William's Farewell
 To Black Ey'd Susan

Harmoniz'd by F. IRKLAND.

Price/6

Music score for 'All in the Downs or Sweet William's Farewell To Black Ey'd Susan' by F. Ireland. The score consists of four staves of music in common time, with lyrics in a cursive hand. The lyrics are as follows:

All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd: the streamers wav-ing
 in the Wind; when blackey'd Susan came on board, O where shall
 I my true love find? tell me ye jovial Sailors tell me true:
 does my sweet William does my sweet William fill a - mong your Crew?
 does my sweet William does my sweet William fill a - mong your Crew?

M^r Leveridge's Tune.

Music score for M^r Leveridge's Tune, consisting of two staves of music in common time.



(2)

William who bigg upon the yard,
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard
He figh'd and cast his eyes below:
The Cordides swifly theo' his glowing bands,
And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

(3)

So the sweet Lark high pois'd in Air,
Shows clost his Pinions to his Breast,
(If chance his Mates shull call he hear)
And drops at once into her Nest.

The Noblif Captain in the Britifh Fleet,
Might envy William's Lips thofe Kifhes sweet.

(4)

O Safia, Safia Lovely Dear
My vows fhall ever true remian;
Let me kis off that falling Tear
We only part to meet again,
Change as ye lift, ye winds my heart fhall be
The Sunfull Compaf that full points to thee.

(5)

The Boatfwan gave the dreadfull word,
The fails their Swelling Bosom spread,
No longer muft She stay aboard;
They Kifed, She figh'd, He hung his Head.
Her lef'ing Bost, unwilling ross to Land:
Adieu, the cries, and wifd her Lilly Hand.

(6)

Believe not what the Land men fy,
Who tempt with doubts thy conftant mind,
They'll tell thee Sailors when they may
In ev'ry Port a Miftrefs' find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou are prefeat whereforever I go.

(6)

If to fix Indias Coaft we fail,
Thy Eyes are feen in Diamonds bright,
Thy Breath is Africk's Spicy Gale,
Thy Skin is Ivory so white

Thus ev'ry beauteous Objeft that I view,
Wakes in my foul fome Charms of Lovely See.

(7)

Though Battle calls me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty Safia mourn
Though Canons roar, yet far from heress,
William fhall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the Bells that round me fly
Left precious Tears fhould drop from Safia's Eye.

(8)

For the Guitar or German Flute.

All in the Downe the Fleet was moord, the Streamers wav-ing in the
wind, when black ey'd Safia come on boosed, O where fhall I my true love
find, tell me ye jocuial Sailors tell me true? does my sweet William
find my sweet William fild a - mung our Crew
Printed for Bell & C. Shop.

107
THE STORM

A Favorite Song, as Sung by

C. M^r. Incledon

at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

and at Freemasons Hall London

With universal applause.

Harmonized (exactly in the Manner it's Sung)

by

M^r. F. LINLEY.

Entered in Stationers' Hall

Price 1/-

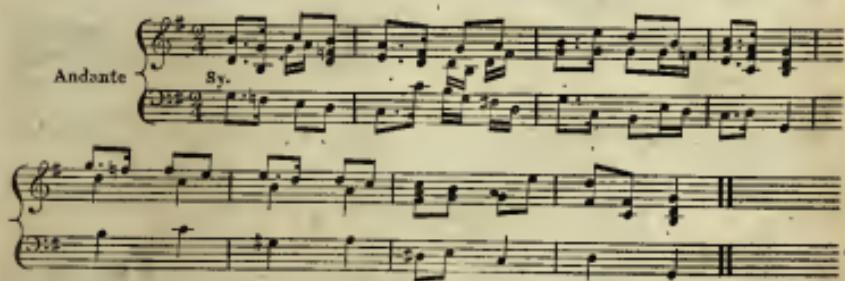
Edinburgh

Printed & Sold By JOHN WATLEN, N^o 34, North Bridge Street. Where may be had,

All the Favorite Music Publish'd in Europe &c.

Andante

Sy.



167

Cease rude Boreas blustering taller, List ye landmen all to me, Matesmates hear a

Brother taller, Sing the dangers of the sea, From bounding billows first in motion,

When the distant whirlwinds rise, to the Tempest troubled Ocean, When the Seas con:

Quicker

stend with Skies. Sy Hark! the Bosswain hoarsly bowling, By

Topsails, Sheets, and Hauyards stand, Down top: Gallants quick be hauling, Down your

Staysails hand boys hand: Now it freshens, set the braces, Now the Topsails sheets let go,

Luff boys Luff don't make wry faces, Up your Topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down Beds sporting,
Foolish lock'd in Beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment, Wanton, Courting,
Safe from all but Love's alarms;
Around us roars the Tempest louder,
Think what fears our Minds enthrall,
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the Bosen-calls:
The Topsail yards point to the wind Boys,
See all clear to reef each course,
Let the fore Sheet go, dont mind Boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse;
Fore and aft the Spritsail yard get,
Reef the Mizzen, see all clear,
Hands up, each prevention Brace set,
Mann the Foreyard Clew lads Clear.

Now the dreadful Thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce Rain is pouring,
in our eyes blue Lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black Sky,
Different Deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry:
The Foremast's gone, cry's every tongue out,
O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove dock,
A leak beneath the Cherrtree's sprung out,
Call all Hands to clear the wreck;
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come my Hearts be stont and bold,
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four foot water in the Hold.

While o'er the Ship, wild waves are beating,
We for Wives and Children mourn,
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to Them there's no return;
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both Chainpumps are choak'd below,
Heav'n have Mercy here upon us,
Only He can Save us now:
O'er the Leerbeam is the Land boys,
Let the Guns o'er board be thrown,
To the pump come every hand boys,
See our Mizzen-mast is gone;
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd Her a foot and more,
Up and rigg a Jury foremast,
She rights, She rights, Boys we're off Shore:

(The following Verse is repeated only from the Quick part)

Now once more on Joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune sav'd our lives,
Come the Cann boys, let's be Drinking,
To our Sweethearts and our Wives;
Fill it up, about Ship wheel it,
Close to Lips a Brimmer join,
Where's the Tempest now, who feels it,
Now our Danger's drown'd in Wine.

261.

The Adieu OF LOUIS XVI KING OF FRANCE

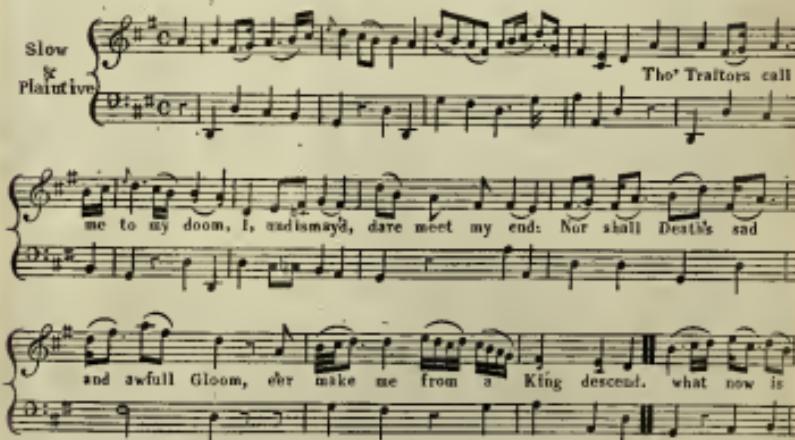
Or his last Thoughts Adapted to a new Air in the Style of Mary Queen of
Scotland's Lament,

The Verses and Air by the Author of "Entertaining Strictures on Political
Philosophy, or the Country Patriot" (N^o 1 & 2) And the
Symphony and under part by

Mr. Watton

Price 6^d.

Edin^t Printed by J. Watton 34 North Bridge Street, Where may be had, God Save
the King with Var^s 1st Circus Music 6th Elegance a new Minuet 1st Yarrow Vale 6^d
Piano Fortes sold or Lent out on hire. Tuesd^{ay} &c. &c. &c.

slow 

mine has been the Fate, of other Kings, whose Subjects rose, led
 on by Treason, first they hate, and then by Madness then by Madness
 they Depose, and then by Madness , they Depose.

(2)

Adieu to all who e'er were dear!
 My Queen, my family, adieu!
 When once dethroned I'd sought to fear,
 But what I still do fear for you.
 May Heav'n, that suffer'd us to fall,
 Give peace of mind, when I am gone,
 To you, who've seen what wise men call
 The transient glories of a crown.

(3)

But, hark! they call, and now I go,
 To meet once more my People's eyes,
 Who never found their Prince a foe;
 Though by their treason LOUIS dies,
 My will to blest them and forgive,
 Is barr'd by bold rebellious men,
 Whose crimes can no more proofs receive,
 Ah! may my master close this scene!

N.B. The Guitar part reads one note below (the Key. Cb.)

G. Walker Sculp^t

4.

77

114.

100

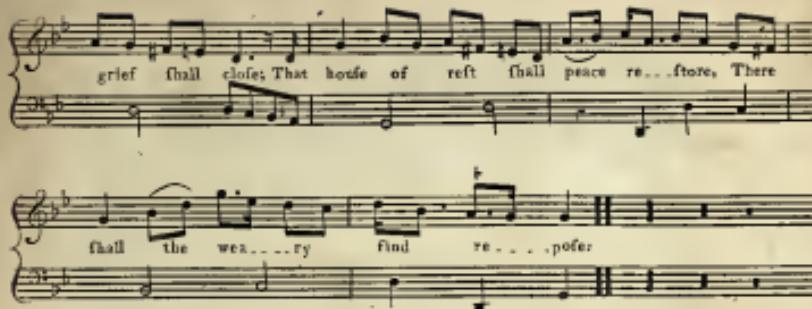
100
100

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE'S LAMENTATION.

Suppos'd to have been Written by her self, the Night before her Suffering.

A musical score for 'Affectuoso' featuring three staves of music with lyrics. The first staff (soprano) begins with a melodic line and the lyrics 'To bid the world a long fare... well, To'. The second staff (alto) begins with a melodic line and the lyrics 'Sink in Death's un...cer...tain Sleep, Why does the heart with'. The third staff (bass) begins with a melodic line and the lyrics 'ter...ror Swell? Why do these eyes for Sorrow weep? In'. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are supported by a piano accompaniment.

McIntosh County



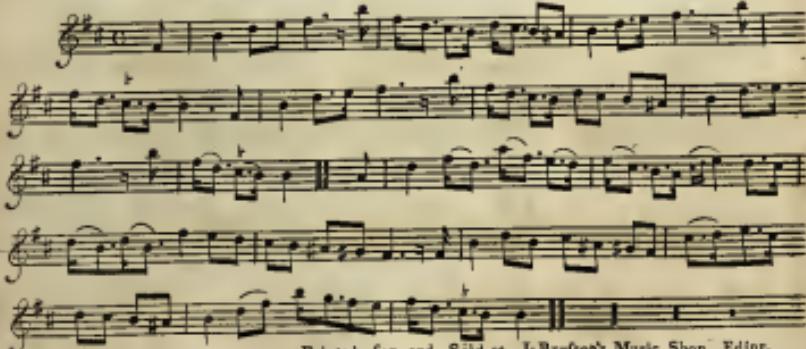
2

For thee, affliction's mournful child,
By many a farrow'd feature known,
Death beckons with an aspect mild,
And points to a celestial throne;
For there no more th' accusing fiend
Shall hiss its venom'd flander round,
But feraphs from their glory bends
To footie with harps of silver found.

3

Then, unshak'd, my soul shall dare
What more of horrors yet remain:
For the last pang my foes prepare
Shall give my widow'd lord again —
Not unshak'd — for, far abe to leave
My orphans...victims of their rage!
My lateft prayer, O heaven receive!
O shield from wrong their helpless age!

For the Flute.



Printed for and Sold at J: Bryson's Music Shop Edinr.



